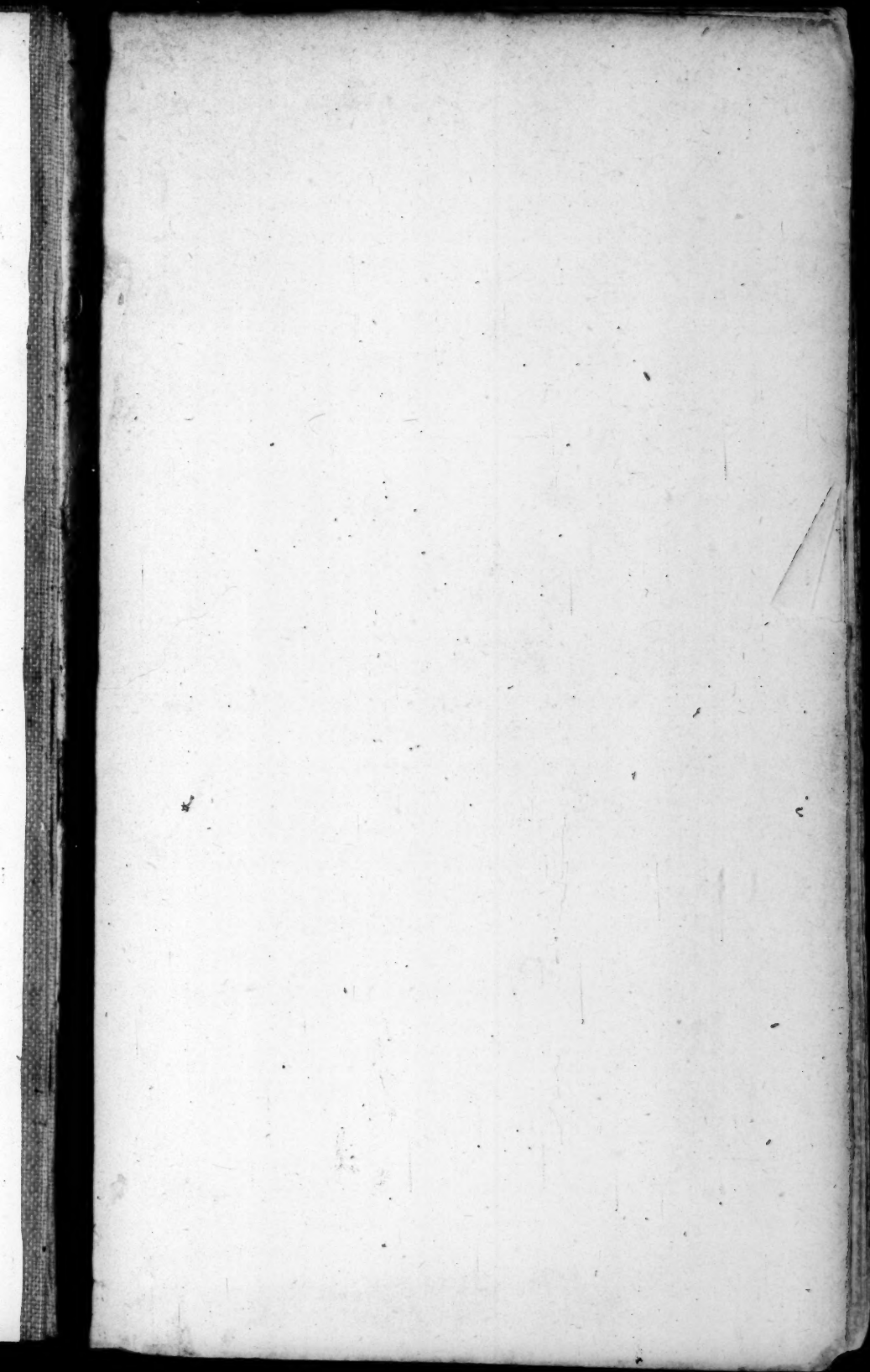




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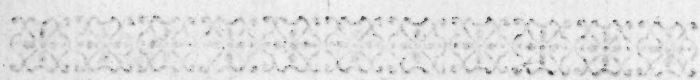
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE.

CONSTANT COUPLE.

STAGE-COACH.





V O L I

STAGE-COACH.
CONSTANTINOPLE
LOVE AND A BOTTLE
BEVUX ST. ASTOR GEM.



THE
Drammatic Works
OF
Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for B. LINTOT, J. J. and P. KNAPTON,
G. STRAHAN, and J. CLARKE ; and sold
by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner
of *Essex-Street*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

THE

Drumstick Works

OF

Mr. GEORGE FARGUHER

in Two Volumes.

VOL. I.



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Printed for B. LINTOT, J. KNEPP, R. BARNES,
G. STARRAK, and J. GARRICK; and sold
by W. FLEAHER, at Kew, near the Cottage
of Mr. Sturt, in the Strand.
MDCCLXXXII.





1

THE
Beaux Stratagem.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL

IN
D R U R Y - L A N E :

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

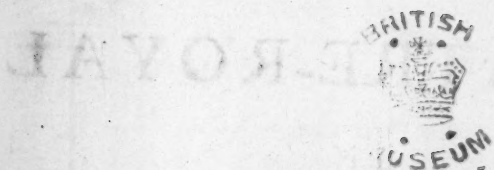
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M.DCC.XXXVI.

HERIOT'S SCHOOL

CO. M. B. D. Y.



ORIENTAL

BY H. M. B. D. Y.

Written by Mr. George BARNARD

LONDON
Printed by J. B. D. Y.
at the British Museum Press
10, Bedford Square, W.C.1

M.DCCCXXXVI



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

WHEN Strife disturbs, or Sloth corrupts an Age,
 Keen Satire is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those Crime
Which then infested most—the modish Times:
 But now, when Faction sleeps, and Sloth is fled,
 And all our Youth in active Fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT-BRITAIN's fair extensive Round,
The Trumps of Fame the Notes of UNION sound;
When ANNA's Sceptre points the Laws their Course,
And her Example gives her Precepts Force;
There scarce is room for Satire; all our Lays
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise.
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears;
Our Product so, fit for the Field or School,
Must mix with Nature's favourite Plant——a Fool.
A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up in Stalks, and vegetates to Man.
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field,
And culls such Fools as may Diversion yield;
And, Thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For Rain or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we show ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as Nature shews you ev'ry Hour:
Nor can the Pictures give a just Offence;
For Fools are made for Jest to Men of Sense.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Aimwell,</i>	{	Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the first as Master, and the second as Servant.	{	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Archer,</i>				<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
Count	{	A French Officer, Prisoner at <i>Litchfield</i> .	{	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Bellair,</i>				
<i>Sullen,</i>	{	A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.	{	<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Freeman,</i>				
	{	A Gentleman from <i>London</i> .	{	<i>Mr. Keen.</i>
<i>Foigard,</i>				
	{	A Priest, Chaplain to the French Officers.	{	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>
<i>Gibbet,</i>				
	{	A Highway-Man.	{	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Hounslow,</i>				
<i>Bagshot,</i>	{	His Companions.	{	
<i>Boniface,</i>				
<i>Scrub.</i>		Landlord of the Inn.		<i>Mr. Bullock.</i>
		Servant to <i>Mr. Sullen</i> .		<i>Mr. Norris.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Bountiful,</i>	{	An old, civil, Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and foolishly fond of her Son <i>Sullen</i> .	{	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
<i>Dorinda,</i>		<i>Lady Bountiful's</i> Daughter.		<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>
<i>Mrs. Sullen.</i>		Her Daughter-in-law.		<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Gipsy.</i>		Maid to the Ladies.		<i>Mrs. Mills.</i>
<i>Cherry,</i>	{	The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	{	<i>Mrs. Bicknel.</i>

SCENE, *LITCHFIELD*.



T H E
Beaux Stratagem.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface running.

Bon.  Hamberlain, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter *Cherry*; all asleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so, Father? D'ye think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young Minx:-- The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has stood in the Hall this Hour, and no body to shew them to their Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, Father; there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to-night.

6 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman should overturn them to-morrow.—Coming, coming: Here's the London Coach arriv'd.

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-Boxes, with other Luggage, and cross the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen.—Chamberlain, shew the Lion and the Rose. [*Exit with the Company.*]

Enter Aimwell in a Riding Habit, Archer as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen

Aim. Set down the things; go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir.

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this Road, as the Saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface*, your Servant.

Bon. O, Sir——What will your Honour please to drink, as the Saying is:

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think; I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will be just fourteen Year old the fifth Day of next *March*, Old Stile.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale——Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706, as the Saying is;——Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*——I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, Man and Boy, above eight and fifty Years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 7

Aim. At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir. I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass.

Now, Sir, you shall see, [*Filling it out*] your Worship's Health: Ha! delicious, delicious,—fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the Saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the Saying is; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of *Usquebaugh*——but the poor Woman was never well after: But howe'er, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the *Usquebaugh* that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountiful* said so——She, good Lady, did what could be done; she cur'd her of three Tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the Saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd?

Bon. 'Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks*] My Lady *Bountiful* is one of the best of Women: Her last Husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a thousand Pound a Year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the good of her Neighbours; she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men; Green-Sickness, Obstruc-

tions, and Fits of the Mother in Women;——The King's Evil, Chin-Cough, and Chilblains in Children: In short, she has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within ten Years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest Woman in all our Country, and the greatest Fortune: She has a Son too, by her first Husband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his Health.

Aim. What sort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does——nothing at all, 'faith: But he's a Man of Great Estate, and values no body.

Aim. A Sportsman, I suppose.

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleasure; he plays at Whisk and smoaks his Pipe eight and forty Hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine Sportsman, truly! And marry'd, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir——But he's a——He wants it here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*]

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Business; he's my Landlord, and so a Man, you know, wou'd not——But I'cod, he's no better than——Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me, I pay him his Rent at Quarter-day; I have a good Running Trade; I have but one Daughter, and I can give her——But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the *French* Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen; Pray, how do you like their Company?

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 9

Bon. So well, as the Saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we paid good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my House.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em——Does your Master stay long in Town, as the Saying is? [*To Archer.*

Arch. I can't tell, as the Saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No!

Bon. Going to London, may hap?

Arch. No!

Bon. An odd Fellow this: I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The Coast's clear, I see——Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave Canting; you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my Maxim, that there's no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confesses it every day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the Side-box to sup with him t'other Night?

Arch. *Jack Handicraft*, a handsome, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Aim. Right: and, pray, who marry'd my Lady *Manlaughter* t'other day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsome Figure, and rides in his Coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim.

10 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Aim. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, shading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crouded with company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lion in a Desert.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor: Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle: Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.

Aim. Upon which Topick we proceed; and, I think, luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man swear now, that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsic Value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsic Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government: we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing Tits as any within twenty Degrees; but I can have no great Opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why, we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, that this two hundred Pound, with the Experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the ten thousand we have spent.
——Our Friends indeed began to suspect that our Pockets were low, but we came off with flying Colours,

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. II

lours, shew'd no signs of Want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this Project fails it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the Hundreds, if you will, upon this Knight-Errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some Counter-scarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, *Archer*; we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; so much Pleasure for so much Money; we have had our Penny-worths; and had I Millions, I would go to the same Market again. O *London, London!* well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: Past Pleasures, for aught I know, are past, such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to see how some inhuman Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; those that by sacrificing all to one Appetite, shall starve all the rest—You shall have some that live only in their Palates, and in their Sense of Tasting shall drown the other four. Others are only Epicures in Appearance, such who shall starve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famish their own to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary sort confine their Pleasures to the Dark, and contract their spacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-string.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they consume 'em, and, I think, your kind Keepers have much the best on't; for they indulge the most Senses by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling, amply gratified; and some Philosophers will tell you, that from such a Commerce, their arises a sixth Sense, that gives infinitely more Pleasure than the other five put together.

Aim. And to pass to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think those the worst that keep their Money.

Arch.

12 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

Arch. These are the most miserable Wights in Being; they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just Order and Strength, with his Reason, as Commander at the Head of 'em; that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage, or Danger.—For my part, I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason holds good: I can be charm'd with *Sappho's* Singing, without falling in love with her Face: I love Hunting, but would not, like *Aleon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that last Particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport: you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies:—And let me tell you, *Frank*, the Fool in that Passion shall out-do the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now; you command for the Day, and so I submit:—At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be Master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last Stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I must confess:—I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 13:

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah? Do you know who you are? [Aside.

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the House.

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal, Sir! we had a delicate Loin of Veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any Fish or Wild-fowl?

Bon. As for Fish, truly Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fish, that's the truth on't; but then for Wild-fowl!——We have a delicate Couple of Rabbets.

Aim. Get me the Rabbets fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Rot your Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah!——Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small Charge of Money, and your House is so full of Strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your Custody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing:——Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,——this will give us Reputation.

[Aside. Brings the Box.

Aim. Here, Landlord, the Locks are sealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds somewhat above Two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper: but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your Ostler to keep my Horses ready saddled: But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it;——for he's the most insufferable Sot——Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber.

Arch. Yes, Sir!

[Exit, lighted by Archer.

Bon. Cherry, Daughter Cherry.

Enter

14 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'y'e call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman; 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money! all that Money! why sure, Father, the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him: he talks of keeping his Horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, Father, he's a Highway-man.

Bon. A Highway-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is some new-purchased Booty — Now, could we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon. What Horses have they?

Cher. The Master rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare; and since he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a safe Conscience; I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own. Look'e, Child, as the Saying is, we must go cunningly to work; Proofs we must have; the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one he loves a Wench, you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my Secret for his?

Bon. Consider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to boot. [*Ringings without.*] Coming, coming. — Child, mind your Business.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it. — My Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her Good-nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Guest, and debauch his Daughter into the bargain — by a Footman too!

Enter

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 15

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Mistress, is so happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make Love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners: If you kept a little more distance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good-night, Saucebox. [Going]

Cher. A pretty Fellow; I like his Pride. — Sir, pray, Sir, you see, Sir, [Archer returns] I have the Credit to be intrusted with your Master's Fortune here, which sets me a degree above a Footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no——'Sdeath Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

— *Cher.* Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—— Prithce instruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a Person of your Figure, I can assure you, Madam; my Addresses have been always confined to People within my own Sphere: I never aspir'd so high before.

[Archer sings.]

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a Man wou'd swear you're right,
As Arm was e'er laid over.*

16 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

*Such an Air,
You freely wear
To ensnare
As makes each Guest a Lover :*

*Since then, my Dear, I'm your Guest,
Prithee give me of the best
Of what is ready drest:
Since then my Dear, &c.*

Cher. What can I think of this Man? [*Aside.*] Will you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear; take it while it is warm [*Kisses her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs!

Cher. And I wish there had been a Swarm of Bees too, to have stung you for your Impudence.

Arch. There's a Swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the Business much better.

Cher. This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad I have forgot it, [*Aside.*] Oh! *Martin.*

Cher. Where were your born?

Arch. In *St. Martin's* Parish.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. Of—of—*St. Martin's* Parish.

Cher. Then Friend, good-night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

Arch. Give me a Kiss.

[*Kisses her*; *Boniface* calls without, *Cherry, Cherry.*

Cher.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 17

Cher. I'm—My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my Breath so? — Offer to follow me one step if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge, by this Light; this is a pretty fair Opening of an Adventure; but we are Knight-Errants, and so Fortune be our Guide, [Exit.

The END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Dor. **M**orrow, my dear Sister; are you for Church this Morning?

Mrs. Sul. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy against bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law at *Doctors-Commons*; and I swear, Sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: For, besides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Sister to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your Examples give me such an Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my Person to a long Vacation all its Life—But supposing, Madam, that you brought it to a Case of Separation, what can you urge against your Husband? My Brother is, first, the most constant Man alive.

Mrs. Sul. The most constant Husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance suitable to your Quality.

Mrs. Sul.,

18 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Mrs. Sul. A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an Hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors for Meat, Drink, and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thousand Pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called Pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords.

Mrs. Sul. Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! Dost think, Child, that my Limbs are made for leaping of Ditches, and clambing over Styles; or that my Parents, wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country Pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plasters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and stilling of Rosemary-water, with the good old Gentlewoman my Mother-in-law.

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, indeed, that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd: But pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country Life?

Mrs. Sul. Because they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleasures of the Town: Did you ever hear of a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pound? If you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pound, you'll find him somewhere within the Weekly Bills. Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures as the Poets have painted them in their Landshapes; every *Phillis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flowing Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love. — Besides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd — But yonder, I see my *Corydon*, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows — Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother, and between both, is he not a sad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him; you're the best Judge.

Mrs. Sul. O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks;

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 19

thinks.——There's some Diversion in a talking Block-head, and since a Woman must wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.——Now you shall see; but take this by the way, He came home this Morning at his usual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a sweet Dream of something else, by tumbling over the Tea-Table, which he broke all to pieces; after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room, like sick Passengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fishmonger's Basket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greasy as a Flannel Night-Cap---Oh Matrimony! Matrimony!——He tosses up the Cloaths with a barbarous swing over his Shoulders, disorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Nose——O the Pleasure of counting the melancholy Clock by a snoaring Husband!——But now, Sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My Head akes consumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleased, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, Brother?

Sul. Pshaw!

Mrs. Sul. Will you please to dress, and go to Church with me? the Air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What Day o'th' Week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your Worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a Dram; and, d'ye hear? set out the Venison-Pasty, and a Tankard of strong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to Breakfast.

[*Going.*
Dor.

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Dor. Stay, stay, Brother, you sha'n't get off so; you were very naught last Night, and must make your Wife Reparation: come, come, Brother, won't you ask Pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sul. But I can't, Sir?

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sul. But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sul. What is the reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. *Scrub!*

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my Head. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sul. Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the Edge of your Razor. [Exit *Scrub*.] Inveterate Stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a Spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' good of the Beast till I get him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the place for managing and breaking a Husband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the same Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. Sul. No, no, Child, 'tis a standing Maxim in conjugal Discipline, that when a Man wou'd enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, she wheedles her Booby up to Town—A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, because there are so many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine Woman may do any thing in *London*; O my Conscience, she may raise an Army of forty thousand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, you have a Mind to be trying your Power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. Sul. The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 21

Dor. And some *English* that I know, 'Sister, are not averse to such Amusements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, Sister, since the Truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargick, sottish Husband, is to give him a Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty: Women are like Pictures, of no value in the hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Sense bid high for the Purchase.

Dor. This might do, Sister, if my Brother's Understanding were to be convinc'd into a Passion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural Aversion of his side, and I fancy, Sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united Contradictions, Fire and Water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the censorious Vulgar, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little Kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, Sister, but that instead of rousing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindness, he shou'd awake in a real Fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him: — If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own Brother?

Mrs. Sul. He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend; If I go a Step beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me; till then, I expect you shou'd go along with me in every thing; while I trust my Honour in your Hands, you may trust your Brother's in mine — The Count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, Sister, that I can't like that Man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your time is not come; Love and Death have their Fatalities, and strike home one time or other: — You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant

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warrant ye—But come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost Church-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Aim. And was she the Daughter of the House?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the Baggage has a pert *Je-ne-say-quoi*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubl'd with Vapours.

Aim. By which Discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the Lady gives herself Airs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Aimwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

Arch. In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd myself—But to our Business—You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior Part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church, draws as many Gazers as a Blazing Star; no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whippers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a moment:—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?—Then, I, Sir, tips me the Verger half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and inducts me into the best Pew in the Church: I pull out my Snuff-Box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop, or Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; single out a Beauty, rivet both my
Eyes

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 23

Eyes to hers, set my Nose a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and shew the whole Church my Concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by persuading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent; but instead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune; that's our Business at present.

Aim. Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune.—Let me alone, for a Mark's-man.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um——I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Blessing by going to Church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife!

[*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the Man is not very unreasonable in his Demands.
[*Exit at the opposite Door.*

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well, Daughter, as the Saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young, you know, Father, and I don't understand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the Saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? Your Mother was useless at five and twenty! Wou'd you make your Mother a Whore, and me a Cuckold, as the Saying is? I tell you his Silence confesses it, and his Master spends his Money so freely, and is so much a Gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a Highway-man.

Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

B

Gib.

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Gib. No matter, ask no Questions; all fair and honourable. Here my dear *Cherry*. [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the rest: And here—Three Wedding—or Mourning Rings, 'tis much the same, you know—Here, two Silver-hilted Swords: I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their Swords but the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest Place in the Coach, but I found it out. This Gold Watch I took from a Pawnbroker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;—From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so 'faith I left her half a Crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Ceruse, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's Under-Petticoat Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief.—Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premises.

Cher. I will secure 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Bon. But heark'e, where's *Hounslow* and *Barfoot*?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o' the Pad on this Road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now.

Gib. The Devil! How d'ye smoak 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. To Church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 25

Bon. And the other is now in his Master's Chamber; he pretends to be Servant to the other; we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter Archer combing a Perriwig and singing.

Gib. The Roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as old Brentford at Christmas——A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much——The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evasions.——But pray, Sir, what is your Master's Name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and combs the Perriwig.*] This is the most obstinate Curl——

Gib. I ask you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir;——Tall, all, dall—I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

Arch. A Horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old Offender right——But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir! Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid thy Fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch——This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and would be glad of your Company, that's all——Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber——Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewell, Friend——

Arch. Captain, your Servant——Captain! a pretty Fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red but their own.

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Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen. I wou'd have the Merit of the Discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whipp'd out Trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. [*Aside.*]

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the Catechize I taught you last Night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well; an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does Love enter?

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the Objects of that Passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean Linnen.

Arch. The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Cher. A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good Child, kiss me. ——— What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

Cher. He must adore the Person that disdains him, he must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him! ——— He must he must ———

Arch. Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don't mind your Lesson; he must treat his ———

Cher. O! ay. He must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with

Con-

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 27

Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruin, and throw himself away

Arch. Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine?

Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well!—And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the Painters out of their Weakness or Privilege of their Art, chose to hide those Eyes they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kiss me again.—And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the End of Love.

Arch. And so ends Love's Catechism.—And now, my Dear, we'll go in and make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*—You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it.

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be Nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is?

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman; my Education was liberal, but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my Hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pounds.

Arch. How!

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Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? a Parson?

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no; but—two thousand Pound you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?——But heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of your self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your own Hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I wou'd marry you, but——

Cher. O sweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: Wou'd you persuade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound, let the Condition be what it wou'd——no, no, Sir,——but I hope you'll pardon the Freedoms I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*]

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*——Hold, Hold, and have you actually two thousand Pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you——when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will——In the mean while, be satisfied that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my Father——+ [*Exit.*]

Arch. So—we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his——let me see——two thousand Pounds! If the Wench wou'd promise to die when the Money were spent, I'gad, one wou'd marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live——Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-Keeper's Daughter; ay, that's the Devil——there my Pride brings me off.

*For whatso'er the Sages charge on Pride,
The Angels Fall and twenty Faults beside;*

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 29

*On Earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling.*

[Exit.

The END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. **H**A, ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee; now we are Friends indeed; for I shall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine—— now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why shou'd not we be as free in our Friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every thing, in a Description that warns their Mirth to a second Enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Sister, I a'nt well.

Mrs. Sul. So—she's Breeding already—come, Child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a Demi-God, a *Narcissus*, a Star, the Man i' the Moon?

Dor. O Sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaister to put to the Soles of your Feet? or shall I send to the Gentleman for something for you?——Come, unlace your Stays, unboosome your

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self—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I saw him when he first came into Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought, like Rays about his Person.

Mrs. Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquet Behaviour, no Airs to set him off, no studied Looks, nor artful Posture,—but Nature did it all——

Mrs. Sul. Better and better—one Touch more—come——

Dor. But then his Looks—did you observe his Eyes?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, I did—his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me;——and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride die at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sul. The Physick works purely—How d'ye find your self now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! Much better, my Dear—O, here comes our *Mercury*! [*Enter Scrub*] Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole Pacquet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? They told me he was a Stranger. Secondly, I ask'd what the Gentleman was? They answer'd and said, That they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what Countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came? Their Answer was, they cou'd not tell. And Fifthly, I ask'd whither he went? And they replied, they knew nothing of the Matter.—And this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. Sul. But what do the People say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why, some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank, some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit.

Dor.

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Dor. A Jesuit! Why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his Horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks *French*.

Mrs. Sul. His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing Ducks in a Mill-pond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid-Leg, a Silver-headed Cane dangling at his Knuckles—he carries his Hands in his Pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a French Air.*] and has a fine long Perriwig tied up in a Bag—Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of a Man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be—but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it——This Fellow has a World of Simplicity, and some Cunning; the first hides the latter by abundance——*Scrub!*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it wou'd be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale; because you're Butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sul. O brave Sister! o' my Conscience, you understand the Mathematicks already:——'Tis the best Plot in the World; your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own——so we drop in by accident, and ask the Fellow some Questions our selves. In the Country, you know, any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country-Dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour.

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Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your Waiting. ——— Go where we order'd you.

SCENE changes to the Inn.

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Arch. Well, *Tom*, I find you're a Marksman.

Aim. A Marksman! who so blind cou'd be, as not discern a Swan among the Ravens!

Arch. Well but heark'e, *Aimwell*.

Aim. *Aimwell!* call me *Oroondates*, *Cesario*, *Amadis*, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll answer. O *Archer*, I read her Thousands in her Looks; she look'd like *Ceres* in her Harvest; Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves, and purling Streams, play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the Corn, Wine, and Oil, lies there. In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the *English* on't.

Aim. Her Eyes ———

Arch. Are Demi-Cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their Battery.

[*Going.*

Aim. Pray excuse me, my Passion must have Vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these Romantick Airs will do our Business? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have something more Romantick by half.

Aim. Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes.

*The Nymph, that with her twice ten hundred Pounds,
With brazen Engine hot, and Quois clear scarch'd,
Can fire the Guest in warming of the Bed ———*

There's

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 33

There's a Touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter: I can play with a Girl as an Angler does with his Fish; he keeps it at the End of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his Basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the Saying is—yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go home with him and see his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Basse mains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the Honour to wait on him immediately, as the Saying is.

Bon. I shall do your Worship's Commands, as the Saying is. *[Exit bowing obsequiously.]*

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toftida* sing?

Arch. Pshaw! damn your Raptures; I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Vessel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You say, there's another Lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes Faith.

Arch. I'm in Love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, Friend; all her Corn, Wine, and Oil, is ingross'd to my Market.—And once more I warn you, to keep your Anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this Light, you shall go to the bottom.—What! make Prize of my little Frigate, while I am upon the Cruise for you! *[Exit.]*

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't.—Landlord, have you any tolerable Company in the House? I don't care for lining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the Saying is, that arriv'd about an Hour ago.

Aim

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Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where: Will you make him a Compliment from me, and tell him I shou'd be glad of his Company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd——

Aim. Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in——
I'm only a Traveller, like himself, and wou'd be glad of his Company; that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the Saying is. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot: What Title will you give your self?

Aim. My Brother's, to be sure; he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour this bout.—You know the rest of your Cue.

Arch. Ay, ay.

[*Exit.*

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Aside.*

Arch. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord——

Aim. O, Sir, I ask your Pardon; you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment? may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental. [*Aside.*
You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations; 'twas my Lot to be sent into the worst Service; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know——Besides 'twas for the good of my Country that I shou'd be a broad:——Any thing for the good of one's Country——
——I'm a Roman for that.

Ait.

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Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my Life. [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. A-cross the Country.—The Devil's in't, if I ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right; I must tack about. [*Aside.*]

Aim. Is your Company to quarter at *Litchfield*?

Gib. In this House, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha; we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially the Art of Travelling: I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road—for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*]

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highway-men upon this Quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of your Figure—But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be necessary——Then I presume you're no Captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir; Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish Enquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel; it gives a Man an Air of something; and makes the Drawers obedient.—And thus far I'm a Captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

Gib.

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Gib. O, Sir, you must excuse me——upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the News?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the Saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make a third Man, if you wou'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the Saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or, is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Priest, and Chaplain to the *French* Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a *Frenchman*?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Brussels*.

Gib. A *Frenchman*, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his Company, Sir; I have a value for my Reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, since we are by our selves——Can he speak *English*, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may know him, as the Saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir; but he's a Master of Languages, as the Saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you understand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*?

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the Saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray, desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the Saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, Gentlemens bote.

Aim. A *Frenchman*! Sir, your most humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Servant, and yours also.

Gib.

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Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *English*, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My *English* is very well for the words, but we Foreigners, you know, cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a downright Teague, by this Light, [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Brussels*: I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not easily put out of Countenance.

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute——
Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the Saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen——pray——that Door——

Foig. No, no, fait, the Captain must lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Chuch is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is——

[Exit foremost, they follow.]

SCENE changes to a Gallery in Lady Rountiful's House.

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging one another;
Scrub with a Tankard in his Hand, Gipsey listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all, Dall——Come, my dear Boy——
let us have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family: But will you be sure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a Duel t'other Day in *London*, wounded his Man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hear whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not: He never was
in

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in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me.

[*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour, you shall have the whole Country up in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for——But if you should chance to talk now of this Business?

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!——but I'll say no more——Come sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here——

Arch. With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your Ladies Health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! Friend, Friend, I wish I had a Friend——

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute——Give me a Kiss——And now Brother *Scrub*——

Scrub. And now Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand an end——You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever wore a Petticoat:——I'm dying for Love of her.

Arch.

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Arch. Ha, ha, ha——Are you in love with her Person, or her Virtue, Brother *Scrub*!

Scrub. I should like Virtue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Virtue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Virtue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier——Pray, Brother how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*;——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:——Formerly I remember the good Days when we cou'd dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refus'd to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go if we talk of eating: for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune—I dare not speak in the House while that Jade, *Gipsy*, dings about like a Fury——Once I had the better end of the Staff.

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why the Mother of all this Mischieff is a Priest.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say Grace to the *French* Officers and eat up our Provisions——There's not a Day goes over his Head without a Dinner or Supper in this House.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lyes as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid, has converted the Affections of your *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend——For, I'm afraid, he has made her a Whore and a Papist——But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and
Mrs.

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Mrs. Sullen, they're in the Confederacy, and for some private Ends of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother Scrub; I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curiosity, by giving me so much Business, that I'm a perfect Slave—What do you think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the Coach, of a Tuesday I drive the Plough, on Wednesday I follow the Hounds, a Thursday I dun the Tenants, on Friday go to Market, on Saturday I draw Warrants, and a Sunday draw Beer.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! If Variety be a Pleasure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother—But what Ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is Mrs. Sullen, the other is Mrs. Dorinda—Don't mind 'em, sit still, Man—

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they say that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that; If I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, the People may be guess'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants, I could wish we might talk to that Fellow.

Mrs. Sul. So do I; for I think he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw a Lure for him presently.

[They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the Stage, Mrs. Sullen drops her Fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it her.]

Arch. Corn, Wine, and Oil indeed—But, I think, the Wife has the greatest Plenty of Flesh and Blood: she shou'd

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shou'd be my Choice——Ay, ay, say you so——Madam.
——Your Ladyship's Fan.

Mrs. Sul. O Sir, I thank you——What a handsome Bow the Fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known several Footmen come down from London, set up here for Dancing-Masters, and carry off the best Fortunes in the Country.

Arch. [*Aside.*] That Project, for aught I know, had been better than ours——Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Servant that you saw at Church to-day; I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the Cellar, that he might shew me the newest Flourish in whetting my Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyship's Liquor is a little too potent for the Constitution of your humble Servant.

Mrs. Sul. What then you don't usually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my constant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water; 'tis prescrib'd me by the Physicians for a Remedy against the Spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la!—A Footman have the Spleen.—

Mrs. Sul. I thought that Distemper had been only proper to People of Quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other Fashions it wears out, and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy Particles in the Blood, occasion'd by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks! ——How long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been mostly spent in the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray which Service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay best; the Honour of serving them is sufficient Wages: there is a Charm in their Looks that delivers a Pleasure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Sul. That Flight was above the Pitch of a Livery; and Sir, wou'd not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As Groom of the Chambers, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you serv'd as Footman before?

Arch. For that Reason I would not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the Load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in London: My Lady *Howd'ye*, the last Mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stop'd till we know the Concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the Disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her Knowledge are of more Importance——

Mrs. Sul. { *Dor.* Ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done —— The whole *Howd'ye* was about half an Hour long; so happen'd to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable.

Dor. The pleasantest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw. — But, Friend, if your Master be married, — I presume you still serve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a married Family; the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main Point gain'd. —— My Lord is not married, I find. [Aside.

Mrs. Sul. But I wonder, Friend, that in so many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

Arch.

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Arch. I don't know how, Madam—I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not Bread, Madam—I live much better as I do.

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely—I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack-a-day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin*.

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Are you for Passion or Humour?

Scrub. O la! He has the purest Ballad about a Trifle.

Mrs. Sul. A Trifle! Pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm asham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam: But since you command me—

[Sings to the Tune of Sir Simon the King.

*A Trifling Song you shall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended, &c.*

Mrs. Sul. Very well, Sir, we are oblig'd to you—
Something for a Pair of Gloves.

[Offering him Money.

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excus'd: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hands, without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his Commands.

[Exit.

Dor. This is surprizing: Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. Sul. The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lord's, that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion, to bear him Company in this Dress, and who ten to one was his Second.

Mrs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—
For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. Sul. The Count happen'd to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place: and so I chose him to serve me

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me in my Design upon my Husband——But I shou'd like this Fellow better in a Design upon my self.

Dor. But now, Sister, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sul. Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd! —— Wou'd you prevent their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing time—Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you, or deserves you, he'll find a Way to see you, and there we must leave it——My Business comes now upon the *Tapis*——have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sul. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes——

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What Singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sul. The Singing in your Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you.

Sul. One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sul. Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do!

Mrs. Sul. And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e——[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late.

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to you?

Dor.

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Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him — But let me beg once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to Kindness, you may provoke him to Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count; vanish.

[Exit Dorinda,

* Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, Monsieur le Count, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count. I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare lift those Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

Mrs. Sul. If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes the Power of killing, with the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

Count. O largely, Madam, wou'd your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy, as to give the Wound — Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my first Chains are easy; there a Ransom may redeem me; but from your Fetters I never shall get free.

Mrs. Sul. Alas, Sir! Why shou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains myself? You know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that Particular that might give you Ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War — of War indeed — I have given my Parole of Honour; would you break yours to gain your Liberty?

* This Scene printed in *Italick*, with the entire Part of the Count, was cut out by the Author, after the first Night's Representation; and where he shou'd enter in the last Scene of the fifth Act, it is added to the Part of Feigard.

Count.

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Count. Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner among the Turks; dis is your Case, you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worst of Turks; a Husband.

Mrs. Sul. There lies my Foible, I confess; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy, can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Gouverneur forces the Garison to mutiny.

Count. And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place — Here will I fix; [Kneels] with Tears, Vows, and Prayers, assault your Heart, and never rise till you surrender; or if I must storm — Love and St. Michael — and so I begin the Attack —

Mrs. Sul. Stand off — Sure he hears me not; — and I cou'd almost wish — he did not — The Fellow makes Love very prettily. [Aside.] But, Sir, why should you put such a Value upon my Person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?

Count. He knows it not, though he possesses it; if he but know the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he wou'd always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in his Arms.

Mrs. Sul. But since he throws me unregarded from him —

Count. And one that knows your Value well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not, Justice?

[Goes to lay hold of her.]

Enter Sullen with his Sword drawn.

Sul. Hold, Villain, hold.

Mrs. Sul. [Presenting a Pistol.] Do you hold.

Sul. What! Murther your Husband, to defend your Bully?

Mrs. Sul. Bully! For shame, Mr. Sullen, Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none; he's a Prisoner, you know — I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence; and, if occasion were, to preserve myself against the Force of this other Gentleman.

Count. O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire-arms than your Pistol; they never miss.

Sul

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Sul. *What! court my Wife to my Face!*

Mrs. Sul. *Pray Mr. Sullen, put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.*

Sul. *To give time to invent an Excuse.*

Mrs. Sul. *I need none.*

Sul. *No, for I heard every Syllable of your Discourse.*

Count. *Ab! And begar, Itink de Dialogue was vera pretty.*

Mrs. Sul. *Then, I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity.*

Sul. *Barbarity! Oons, what does the Woman call Barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?*

Mrs. Sul. *No.*

Sul. *As for you, Sir, I shall take another time.*

Count. *Ab, begar, so must I.*

Sul. *Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome.*

Mrs. Sul. *Sir, I thank you kindly; you wou'd allow me the Sin, but rob me of the Pleasure.—No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime, without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.*

Sul. *Then will you grant me this, my Dear? Let any body else do you the Favour but that Frenchman, for I mortally hate his whole Generation.* [Exit.

Count. *Ab, Sir, that be ungrateful; for begar, I love some of yours: Madam——*

Mrs. Sul. *No, Sir——*

Count. *No, Sir!——Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir;—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance; and to convince you that you ought, you must know, that I brought you hither only to make you Instrumental in setting me right with my Husband; for he was plant-ed to listen by my Appointment.*

Count. *By your Appointment?*

Mrs. Sul. *Certainly.*

C

Count.

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Count. *And so, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.*

Mrs. Sul. *I ask your Pardon, Sir; but I hope this will give you a Taste of the Virtue of the English Ladies.*

Count. *Begar, Madam, your Virtue be vera great, but Garzoon, your Honeste be vera little.*

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. *Nay, now you're angry, Sir.*

Count. *Angry! Fair Dorinda, [Sings fair Dorinda the Opera Tune, and addressses to Dorinda.] Madam, when your Ladyship wants a Fool, send for me: Fair Dorinda, Revenge, &c.* [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. *There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Manners, and the Height of Anger in a Song—Well, Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.*

Dor. *And I bring in my Brother guilty.*

Mrs. Sul. *But I must bear the Punishment——'Tis hard, Sister.*

Dor. *I own it—but you must have Patience.*

Mrs. Sul. *Patience! The Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy—shou'd I lie groaning under a Yoke I can shake off, I were necessary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than Self-Murther.*

Dor. *But how can you shake off the Yoke?——Your Divisions don't come within the Reach of the Law, for a Divorce.*

Mrs. Sul. *Law! What Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature? what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections of Wedlock?——Can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgement upon Antipathies?*

Dor. *They never pretended, Sister; they never meddle, but in case of Uncleanness.*

Mrs. Sul. *Uncleanness! O Sister! Casual Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd; but can radical Hatreas be ever reconcil'd?—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers opposite,*

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*opposite, not all the Golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron
Manacles of Law, can keep 'em fast.*

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But such as Heav'n ordain'd it first to be ;
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife,
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move ;
View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the Water, Earth, and Air we know, }
All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
Must Man, the chiefest Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine ?
No, we shou'd injure Heav'n by that Surmise ;
Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise.

The END of the THIRD ACT.



ACT IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. Sul. **W**ERE I born an humble *Turk*, where
Women have no Soul nor Property,
there I must sit contented. ——— But in *England*, a
Country whose Women are its Glory, must Women be
abus'd ? Where Women rule, must Women be enslav'd ?
Nay, cheated into Slavery ? mock'd by a Promise of
comfortable Society into a Wilderness of Solitude ? —
I dare not keep the Thought about me. — O ! here
comes something to divert me ———

Enter a Country Woman.

Wom. I come a'n't please your Ladyship ——— you're
my Lady Bountiful, a'n't ye ?

C 2

Mrs.

50 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Mrs. Sul. Well, good Woman, go on.

Wom. I come seventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's fore Leg.

Mrs. Sul. Your Husband! what, Woman, cure your Husband!

Wom. Ay, poor Man, for his fore Leg won't let him stir from home.

Mrs. Sul. There, I confess you have given me a Reason. Well, good Woman, I'll tell you what you must do—You must lay your Husband's Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the Bone, and beat the Flesh soundly with a Rolling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace, and Ginger, some Sweet-herbs, and season it very well; then roll it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heaven reward your Ladyship—I have two little Babies too that are piteous bad with the Graips, a'n't please ye.

Mrs. Sul. Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman. [*Enter Lady Bountiful.*] I beg your Ladyship's Pardon for taking your Business out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

L. Boun. Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature; I am the Person that you want, I suppose—What would you have, Woman?

Mrs. Sul. She wants something for her Husband's fore Leg.

L. Bount. What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come first, as one might say, with a sort of Dizziness in his Foot, then he had a kind of Laziness in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sul. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Bount. How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs. Sul.

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Mrs. *Sul.* Because my own make me sad, Madam.

L. *Bount.* The worst Reason in the World, Daughter; your own Misfortunes shou'd teach you to pity others.

Mrs. *Sul.* But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her Husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in Health.

L. *Bount.* What! would you wish your Husband sick?

Mrs. *Sul.* Not of a fore Leg, of all things.

L. *Bount.* Well, good Woman, go to the Pantry, get your Belly full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband——But d'ye hear, Goody, you must not let your Husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam; the poor Man's inclinable enough to lie still. [Exit.]

L. *Bount.* Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. *Sul.* Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Prescription.

L. *Bount.* Fancy helps in some Cafes; but there's your Husband, who has as little Fancy as any body, I brought him from Death's door.

Mrs. *Sul.* I suppose, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of As's Milk.

Enter Dorinda, runs to Mrs. Sullen.

Dor. News, dear Sister, News, News!

Enter Archer, running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?——
Pray which is the old Lady of you three?

L. *Bount.* I am.

Arch. O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

52 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

L. Boun. Your Master! Where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handsome House to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-Yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub, Gipsy*, all run, get my Easy-Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable Act.

L. Boun. Is your Master us'd to these Fits?

Arch. O Yes, Madam, frequently;—I have known him have five or six of a Night.

L. Boun. What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a Minute's Care or Neglect may save or destroy his Life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor Gentleman! Come, Friend, shew me the way; I'll see him brought in my self.

[Exit *with* Archer.]

Dor. O, Sister, my Heart flutters about strangely; I can hardly forbear running to his Assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my Life he deserves your Assistance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his Distemper; and you must be the Physician; put on all your Charms, summon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks against his Breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, Sister, I'm but a young Gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the Piece shou'd recoil, and hurt my self.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Sister, you have mis'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter

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Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carried by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsy. Aimwell counterfeiting a Swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn Drops—
Gipsy, a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's very strong.—
Bleis me, how his Hands are clinch'd!

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, Madam, [*To Dorinda.*] take his Hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his Head. [*Dorinda takes his Hand.*]

Dor. Poor Gentleman——Oh——he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully.—

L. Boun. 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases——he'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand! my Hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the Foolish Girl? I have got his Hand open, you see, with a great deal of Ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sort of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self; I find my self extremely ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*]

Mrs. Sul. [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. Boun. His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam:—Pray, young Lady, open his Breast and give him Air.

L. Boun. Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at Church, Madam.

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

54 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

L. Bount. Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it to beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seiz'd the fair Idea, and straight convey'd it to his Heart. That hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine Spirits forth to meet it, and open'd all its sluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. Bount. Your Master shou'd never go without a Bottle to smell to——Oh! ——he recovers——the Lavender-Water——some Feathers to burn under his Nose——Hungary-water to rub his Temples——O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem——*Gipsy*, bring the Cordial-Water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How do you do, Sir?

Aim. Where am I?

[*Rising.*

Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of Silent Death,
And now am landed on the *Elysian* Shore——
Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,
Fair *Proserpine*——let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her Hand.*

Mrs. Sul. So, so, so, I knew where the Fit would end.

Aim. *Eurydice*, perhaps——

How could thy *Orpheus* keep his Word,
And not look back upon thee?

No Treasure but thy self could sure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. Bount. Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. *Martin's* Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord——How does your Lordship?

L. Bount. Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir——You were taken just now with one of your old Fits, under the Trees, just by this good Lady's House; her Ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see——

Aim.

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Aim. I am so confounded with shame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon———And refer my Acknowledgement for your Ladyship's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making some amends——I dare be no longer troublesome——*Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the Air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in Dumb-show.

Aim. That I shall never be, Madam; my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. Sul. Don't despair, Sir; I have known several in your Distemper shake it off with a Fortnight's Physick.

L. Bount. Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the Air--Your good Manners shan't get the better of ours——You shall sit down again, Sir: ——Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country——Here, Sir, my Service t'ye——You shall taste my Water; 'tis a Cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making——Drink it off, Sir: [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find your self now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better—tho' very faint still.

L. Bount. Ay, ay, People are always faint after these Fits. Come, Girls, you shall shew the Gentleman the House; 'tis but an old Family Building, Sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the Air——You'll find some tolerable Pictures.——*Dorinda*, shew the Gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he understands Pictures very well.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, we understand Originals as well as he does Pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sul. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*]

Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

Foig. Saave you, Master Scrub.

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Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a Priest, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the Devil——Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Master *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in Politics, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs. *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, Sir; she's gone abroad, Sir; she's——dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. How now, Impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the Common People of *England* are not so civil to Strangers, as——

Scrub. You lye, you lye;——'tis the common People, such as you are, that are civillest to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to——Get you out, I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You wo'n't, Sauce-box——Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn last Night?

Scrub. The Captain! ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again;—the Captain has me on one side, and the Priest on t'other:—So between the Gown and Sword, I have a fine time on't.——But, *Cedant arma togæ.* [*Going.*]

Gip. What, Sirrah, wo'n't you march?

Scrub. No, my Dear, I wo'n't march——but I'll walk:——And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side-Scene, and listens.*]

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipsy*, upon my Shoul, now *Gra*, his Complainings wou'd mollify the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he sistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: In conclusion, Joy, he's afflicted, *a la François*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig.

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Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. Sullen's Closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It wou'd be both a Sin and a Shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your Shame, and I will give you an Absolution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it—If you receive the Money before-hand 'twill be *Logicè* a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè*.—But what must I do with my Conscience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, *Gra*, and your Conscience is under my Hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the Count into the Closet—

Foig. Vell, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closshet? one may go to Prayers in a Closshet.

Gip. But if the Lady shou'd come into her Chamber and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vell den—the Parties must be responsible.—Do you be gone, after putting the Count in the Closet, and leave the Shins wid themselves—I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber.

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure--methinks I'm so easy after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much Security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't.—Here's the Key of the Garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my Hand: I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty *Lewidores*; I heard that, and saw the Purse: But I must give room to my Betters.

Enter

58 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Enter Aimwell, leading Dorinda, and making Love in Dumb-Shew.—*Mrs. Sul. and Archer.*

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, [*To Archer.*] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*.—You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* came disguis'd to make Love—

Mrs. Sul. But what think you there of *Alexander's* Battels?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battels, and a greater General of our own—
The *Danube*, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Ramellies* to match their *Arbela*.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. Sul. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam, [*Bow'ing.*] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sul. Was he successful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark—He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sul. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sul. Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you wou'd see my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least Resemblance of you—But methinks, Madam, —[*He looks at the Picture and Mrs. Sullen, three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sul. A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam! Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling Moisture, shining Fluid, in which they swim? The Picture,
in-

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indeed, has your Dimples; but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that should ambush there? The Lips too are figur'd out; but where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeness that tempts the Taste in the Original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my Lot to have match'd with such a Man!

[*Aside.*

Arch. Your Breasts too; presumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *A propo*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmeoneus*, that was struck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* Thunder; I hope you serv'd the Painter so, Madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my Eyes the Power of Thunder, they shou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest Bed in that Room, Madam! I suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-Chamber?

Mrs. Sul. And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richest that ever I saw. — I can't at this distance, Madam, distinguish the Figures of the Embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. The Devil take his Impudence---Sure, if I gave him an Opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.---[*Going. Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, Sister!

Arch. I'll follow her close———

*For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure, may well the Work perform.* [Going.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. *Martin, Brother Martin.*

Arch. O Brother Scrub, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going: Here's a Guinea my Master order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea! hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! — by this Light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect one and twenty Shillings in Change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipsy*.

Ser. A Guinea for her! Fire and Faggot for the Witch? — Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll discover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub.

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Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, a horrid Plot—First, it must be a Plot, because there's a Woman in't: Secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't: Thirdly, it must be a Plot, because there's *French* Gold in't: And Fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub*.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Riddle.—This I know, that there has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one hand, and an Absolution in the other, and *Gipsy* has sold her self to the Devil; I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this Bustle about *Gipsy*?

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, 'a Closet, a Back-door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen*?

Scrub. I did hear some Word that sounded that way; but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, Brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one Word, *pro nor con*, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty a-foot between the Count and the Lady.—The Priest and the Chamber-Maid are Plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard, but I find a way to be included in the Treaty. Where's the Doctor now?

Scrub. He and *Gipsy* are this moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

Aim. [From without.] *Martin! Martin!*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scr. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin*.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [Exeunt severally.] I'cod, I'll spoil your Plotting, Mrs. *Gipsy*; and if you shou'd set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off.

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Mrs. Sul. Well, Sister.

Dor. And well, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. Sul. Servant! He's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty degrees than his Master.

Dor. O' my Conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

Mrs. Sul. O' my Conscience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his room?

Dor. You desir'd me, Sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. Sul. Thou dear censorious Country-Girl—— What dost mean? You can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that Thought; while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. Sul. How a little Love and Conversation improve a Woman! Why, Child, you begin to live—— you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: My Lord has told me, that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You're in the right, *Dorinda*; Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him in any thing else——But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done——What did your Fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sul. My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* herself.

Mrs. Sul. Common Cant! Had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a Madman in good earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. Sul. And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

Dor.

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Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine spokè the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sul. Ay, ay, mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my Hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sul. Mine has all that Pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. Sul. O Lard! D'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Sister;—Why, my ten thousand Pounds may lie brooding here this seven Years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd Clown like yours:—Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the Drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Noise, and Flambeaux.—Hey, my Lady *Aimwell's* Servants there—Lights, Lights to the Stairs—My Lady *Aimwell's* Coach; put forward—Stand by; make room for her Ladyship.—Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. Sul. Happy, happy Sister! your Angel has been watchful for your Happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his Charge—Long smiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [Weeps.]

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sul. O *Dorinda*, I own my self a Woman full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,—easy and yielding to soft Desire; a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge: And must the fair Apartment of my Breast be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I suppose?

Mrs. Sul. Husband! No,—Even Husband is too soft a Name for him—But come, I expect my Brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my Father married me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make your self easy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. Sul. You mistake me, Sister—It happens with us, as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are the greatest Cowards; and there's a Reason for it; those Spirits are spent in Prattle, which might do more Mischief if they

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they took another Course——Tho', to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow;——And if I met him dress'd as he should be, and I undress'd as I should be——? Look'e, Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts;——I can't swear I cou'd' resist the Temptation,——tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

Arch. And the awkward Kindness of the good Motherly old Gentlewoman.——

Aim. And the coming Easiness of the young one——'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a Hair's-breadth beyond Discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be flinted to bare looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards, because our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the Mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be obliged to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club o'th' Reckoning:——Damn it, I had rather sponge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a Dish of Bohea scor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we shou'd our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be obliged to sneak into the Side-box, and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play; and because we ha'n't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thousand rascally Tricks——had we out-liv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance.——
But now——

Arch.

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Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the Iron is hot—This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a Woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law; the Lady may be in Distress; perhaps she has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love—Egad, I have so good an Opinion of her, and of myself, that I begin to fancy strange things; and we must say this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of ourselves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*—If the Plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the Gentleman——But here comes the Doctor: I shall be ready.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant: Pray, Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? My Naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. *Foigard*! A very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Foig. *Ireland*! No, Joy—Fat sort of Plaace is dat saam *Ireland*? dey say de People are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em here when they're old;—as for Example—[*Takes Foigard by the shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French Army*: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England*! de Son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels* a Subject of *England*! Ubooboo——

Aim. The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig.

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Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidenſh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I will never ſpeak *Engliſh* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence—Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*In a Brogue*] Saave you, my dear Cuſſen, how does your Health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my ſhoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick Uni-verſton ewe neat, ſacramant.*

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Perſon, and will ſwear to your Face.

Foig. Faafh! Fey, is dere a Brogue upon my Faafh too?

Arch. Upon my Soulyation dere iſh Joy——But, Cuſſen *Mackſhane*, vil you not put a Remembrance upon me.

Foig. *Mackſhane!* By *St. Patrick*, dat iſh my Naame ſhure enough.

Aim. I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy——By fat Acquaintance are you my Cuſſen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your ſheff, Joy; you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your Foſter-Moder's Son was married upon my Nurſe's Chiſter, Joy, and ſo we are *Irish* Cuſſens.

Foig. De Devil taake de Relation! Vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch. I think it was——Aay——'twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. Now, upon my Shoul, Joy, it was *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us——Self-confession——Come, Sir, we muſt deliver you into the Hands of the next Magiſtrate.

Arch. He ſends you to Goal, you're tried next Aſſizes, and away you go ſwing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it ſo wid you, Cuſſen?

Arch. It vil be ſo wid you, Cuſſen, if you don't immediately confeſs the Secret between you and Mrs.

Giſſey

66 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Gipsy———Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows! upon my Shoul I hate that shame Gallows, for it is a Diseash dat is fatal to our Family—Vel, den, there is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs. *Sullen* would speak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight; and dere is no harm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash my self.

Arch. As I guefs'd———Have you communicated the Matter to the Count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen; why then Doctor,———you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

Foig. Fat, my Cussen to the Lady! Upon my Shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor; consider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your Wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Foig. Arra the Devil taake our Relashion.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one Door, Gibbet at the opposite.

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for Enterprize.

Hounsf. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here has shew'd us the Window where we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainscoat Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the Saying is, Knives and Forks, Cups and Cans, Tumblers and Tankards—There's one Tankard, as the Saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a Present to the 'Squire from his Godmother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast like an East-India Ship.

Hounsf. Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head.

Bon.

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Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the Saying is—At one end of the Gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her Daughter; and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*—As for the Squire—

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half Seas over already—But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are about him now, that, I'gad, I was aſham'd to be ſeen in their Company.

Bon. 'Tis now Twelve, as the Saying is—Gentlemen, you muſt ſet out at One.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagſhot* ſee our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you preſently.

Hounf. and *Bag.* We will.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you aſſure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the Saying is—You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib. And I can aſſure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Addreſs and good Manners in robbing a Lady; I am the moſt a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the Road—But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* Buſineſs—I warrant you, we ſhall bring off three or four thouſand Pound.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels, and Money, as the Saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee; I'll get up to Town, ſell off my Horſe and Arms, buy my ſelf ſome pretty Employment in the Law, and be as ſnug and as honeſt as e'er a long Gown of 'em all.

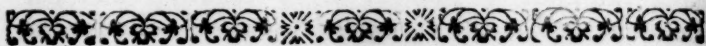
Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the *Goddeſs* I adore, as the Song goes; but it is a Maxim, that Man and Wife ſhould never have it in their power to hang one another; for if they ſhould, the Lord have mercy on 'em both.

[*Exeunt.*]

The END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT



A C T V.

SCENE continues. Knocking without.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. **C**oming, coming—A Coach and six foaming Horses at this time o' Night! Some great Man, as the Saying is, for he scorns to travel with other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, Fellow! A publick House, and a-bed when other People sleep?

Bon. Sir, I a'n't a-bed, as the Saying is.

Sir Ch. I see that, as the Saying is! Is Mr. *Sullen's* Family a-bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the 'Squire himself, Sir, as the Saying is, he's in the House.

Sir Ch. What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr. *Gage* the Exciseman, the hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three other Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my Sister's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouse.

Enter Sullen drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sul. The Puppies left me asleep——Sir.

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate Man—I have three thousand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir,—And unless you have pity on me, and smoke one Pipe with me, I must e'en go home

to

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to my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half,
Sir Cb. But I presume, Sir, you wo'n't see your
Wife to-night, she'll be gone to Bed—you don't use
to lie with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my Wife! Why, Sir, do you
take me for an Atheist, or a Rake?

Sir Cb. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better
lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, Friend——But I am a Justice
of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir Cb. Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, no body ob-
serves Law for Law's sake, only for the good of those
for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the Law orders me to send you to Goal,
you must lie there, my Friend.

Sir Cb. Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

Sul. A Crime! Oons, a'n't I married?

Sir Cb. Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you
must disown it for a Law.

Sul. Eh!——I must be acquainted with you, Sir:
——But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the
Truth of this Matter.

Sir Cb. Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there
be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom
on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Under-
standing may'n't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea
of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can entitle a
Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the
County.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the Saying is,
talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd
before.

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the Saying is, let me ask you one
Question: Are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir Cb. You and your Wife, Mr. *Guts*, may be one
Flesh, because you are nothing else——But rational
Creatures have Minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir

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Sir *Ch.* Ay, Minds, Sir; don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body!

Sul. In some People

Sir *Ch.* Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow——

Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir *Chr.* I know that my two Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life; but I could not say so much, if they were always at Cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir *Ch.* Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow Morning, and a Venison-Pasty into the Bargain.

Sir *Ch.* You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel to her Fortune——I only hate the Woman, Sir; and none but the Woman shall go.

Sir *Ch.* But her Fortune, Sir——

Sul. Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at All-fours?

Sir *Ch.* Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but Two a-clock.

Sir *Ch.* For half an Hour, Sir, if you please—— But you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the Reason I can't go to Bed—— Come, Sir——

Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage, and knocks at Aimwell's Chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his Night-cap and Gown.

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, Child, you're frightened?

Cher. No wonder, Sir——But in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady *Beautiful's* House.

Aim.

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Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir; I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things, to your Man *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole House, and can't find him: where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child; will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my heart, Sir; my Lady *Bountiful* is my Godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well——

Aim. *Dorinda*! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own——Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, undress'd; a Table and Lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, Sister; no News of your Spouse yet?

Mrs. Sul. No; I'm condemn'd to be alone 'till towards Four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his Company.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your Rest; you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do:—Hey-ho!

Dor. That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here! what in my Bed-chamber, at two a'clock i'th' Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet——O gad, Sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you——So, my Dear, good night. [Exit.

D

Mrs.

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Mrs. Sul. A good Rest to my dear *Dorinda*. —
Thoughts free! are they so? Why then suppose him
here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning Bride-
groom; [*Here Archer steals out of the Closet.*] with
Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imple-
oring. [*Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the*
Posture she describes.] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other*
side of the Stage.] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit!
—What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam.

[*Rising*]

Mrs. Sul. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonstration this Mi-
nute.

[*Takes her Hand*]

Mrs. Sul. What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sul. In the Name of Wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam—I'm a *Jupiter* in
Love, and you shall be my *Almena*.

Mrs. Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam; your Cou-
sin *Cupid* lent me his Wings, and your Sister *Venus*
open'd the Casement.

Mrs. Sul. I'm struck dumb with Admiration.

Arch. And I with Wonder. [*Looks passionately at her*]

Mrs. Sul. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks! — The teeming
jolly Spring smiles in her blooming Face, and when she
was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on
Lillies —

*Lillies unfold their White, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their Arms.*

[*Runs to her*]

Mrs. Sul. Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You'll
raise the House.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I'll bear this

— What! Approach me with the Freedoms of a
Keeper! I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me

Arch. It can be Impudence, [*Knocks*] I leave to your
partial self; no panting Pilgrim, after a tedious, pain-
ful

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 73

ful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise thou prostrate Engineer; not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart——Rise, and know I am a Woman without my Sex; I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs, and Tears——But go no farther.——Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you——but——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Hold, Sir, build not upon that——for my most mortal Hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now——leave me this Minute——If he denies, I'm lost. [*Aside.*]

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must, [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and Paradise! And why not now, my Angel? The Time, the Place, Silence and Secrecy, all conspire——And the now conscious Stars have pre-ordain'd this Moment for my Happiness. [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of to-morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

Mrs. Sul. My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*]

Mrs. Sul. Thieves, Thieves, Murder——

Enter Scrub, in his Breeches and one Shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in Rutting-time. [*Draws, and offers to stab Scrub.*]

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Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, Sir, spare all I have, and take my Life.

Mrs. Sul. [*Holding Archer's Hand.*] What does the Fellow mean?

Sêrub. O Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues —— I beg your Pardon, one of the honest Gentlemen that just now are broke in to the House.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might very well ha' spar'd; but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. Sul. The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they are broke into the House with Fire and Sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good Night.

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal Hatred.

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray, Sir——

[*Takes hold of him.*]

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd——You see now, Madam, you must use Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the Benefit of his Courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it——How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Pistol, Sir.

Arch.

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Arch. Hush! — I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery — Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my Life.

Mrs. Sul. Your Life! no Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the Appearance of 'em?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, since I have 'scaped your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother Scrub; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer.*]

Arch. This way — Here —

[*Archer and Scrub hide behind the Bed.*]

Enter Gibbet with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! Alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you through the Head: But don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*] These Rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound Respect for you, Madam; your Keys, Madam; don't be frighted, Madam; I'm the most of a Gentleman: [*Searching her Pockets.*] This Necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any Lady! — I have a Veneration — for this Necklace — [*Here Archer having come round, and seiz'd the Pistol, takes Gibbet by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*]

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, Scrub?

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Scrub. Five and Forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold ! hold ! Sir ; we are but three, upon my Honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him ?

Scrub. Not I, Sir, kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsy's* Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor ; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub running.*]

Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all ; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say Prayers for us on these Occasions.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, don't kill him — You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the occasion of my Disappointment — Sirrah, this Moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred Pounds to spare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Rascal ?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command four hundred ; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my Life at the Sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor ; I suppose *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him — Lay hold of him, Doctor.

[*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*]

Gib. What ! turn'd over to the Priest already — Look'e, Doctor, you come before your time ; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I vil secure your Body and your Shoul too : I vil make you a good Catholick, and give you an Absolution.

Gib. Absolution ! can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor ?

Foig. No, Joy —

Gib. Then you and your Absolution may go to the Devil.

Arch.

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Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him:
——— Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot
him thro' the Head——— and come back to us with all
the Speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, Doctor, do you hold him fast,
and I'll guard him.

Mrs. Sul. But how came the Doctor?

Arch. In short, Madam——— [*Stricking without*]
'Sdeath! the Rogues are at work with the other La-
dies——— I'm vex'd I parted with the Pistol; but I must
fly to their Assistance——— Will you stay here, Madam,
or venture your self with me?

Mrs. Sul. Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same
House.

*Enter Hounslow dragging the Lady Bountiful, and
Bagshot bawling in Dorinda; the Rogues with Swords
drawn.*

Hounf. Come, comé, your Jewels, Mistrefs.

Bagsh. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durst engage an
Army in such a Cause. [*He engages 'em both.*]

Dor. O, Madam! had I but a Sword to help the
brave Man!

L. Bount. There's three or four hanging up in the
Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one, how-
ever. [*Exit.*]

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord; every Man his Bird,
pray. [*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are
thrown down, and disarmed.*]

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll im-
peach my Father! I must give him timely Notice.

[*Runs out.*]

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

D 4

Aim.

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Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter.
[To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.]

Mrs. Sul. The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a Breath: Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right; the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself——Come, my Lord,——this is but a scandalous sort of an Office; [*Binding the Rogues together.*] if our Adventures shou'd end in this sort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is something in prospect that——[*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, have you secur'd your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, Sir; I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry these Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controversy. [*Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.*]

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

Mrs. Sul. I'll tell you the greatest Piece of Villany——
[*They talk in dumb Show.*]

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your Adventures than the House-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.——Press her this minute to marry you,——now, while she's hurried between the Palpitation of her Fear and the Joy of her Deliverance; now, while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood;——throw your self at her Feet, speak some *Romantick* Nonsense or other;——address her, like *Alexander* in the Height of his Victory; confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her:——The Priest is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuse to do the Work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off:

——Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch.

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Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Business—I'll amuse the old Lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my Wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services——

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Compliments; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. Boun. and Mrs. *Sul.* How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure.——

[*Makes Love in dumb Shew.*

L. Boun. Let me see your Arm, Sir—I must have some Powder-sugar to stop the Blood——O me! An ugly Gash; upon my word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady, a Bed wou'd do very well——Madam, [*To Mrs. Sullen*] will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. Boun. Do, do, Daughter,——while I get the Lint, and the Probe, and the Plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands.

Mrs. Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to deny me?——Was not this Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection?——Look'e Madam, I'm none of your Romantick Fools, that fight Giants and Monsters for nothing; my Valour is downright *Swiss*; I am a Soldier of Fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sul. How! At the Expence of my Honour?

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do like

80 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

like a Man of Honour: D'ye think I would deny you in such a Case?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that your Brother is below at the Gate.

Mrs. Sul. My Brother! Heavens be prais'd—Sir, he shall thank you for your Services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. Sir *Charles Freeman*——You'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*! 'Sdeath and Hell——My old Acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his Time, all our fair Machine goes souze into the Sea, like the *Edystone*. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Gallery in the same House.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; tho' I must own, your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before.

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue
——Here, Doctor——

Enter Foigard, with a Book.

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But first, my Lord, one Word——I have a frightful example of a hasty Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me.——Pray, my Lord, consider a little——

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?

Dor. Neither; I do believe you equally just as brave——And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse, I would not cast a look upon the Multitude if you were absent——But, my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments, may hide a thousand Faults in me

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 81

me — Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodness who could injure! I find myself unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foigard.*] Madam, behold your Lover and your Profelyte, and judge of my Passion by my Conversion — I'm all a Lye, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms: I'm all a Counterfeit, except my Passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven! a Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune—But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have so won me from my self, that, like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure I have had the Dream of some poor Mariner, a sleeping Image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Dor. Matchless Honesty!—Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can shew, my Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one Door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir, we sha'n't want you now. Sir, you must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with Gipsy.*

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*

Aim. Gone! And bid the Priest depart—It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, Tom——Shall I wish you Joy

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! Man, what ha' you been doing

Aim. O Archer, my Honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How!

Aim.

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Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch. Discover'd! And without my Consent? What! Have I embark'd my small Remains in the same Bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my Partnership.

Aim. O *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction——'Tis then too late for Pardon——You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly——As you begun, so end it——Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single.——So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at!——No: I wou'd sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight, that once I treated as my Equal.

Aim. What Knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almost——But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed Night's Work; and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. *Freeman*!——One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with Pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To her self, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

Dor. Come, my dear Lord——I fly with Impatience to your Arms——The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year. Where's this Priest?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave Girl!

Dor. I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor.

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Dor. Come, Priest, do your Office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste; couple 'em any way [*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you.

Dor. My Mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh———

Aim. I'm confounded.

Feig. Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous Action deserves another—This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; and I wish your Lordship Joy. Now, Priest, you may be gone; if my Lord is now pleas'd with the Match, let his Lordship marry me in the Face of the World.

Aim. Archer, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a Witness for my Truth.

Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.

Sir Ch. My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you Joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your Honour and Estate. Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest, I did my self the Honour.

Arch. Heark'e, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis truth, upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize——— [*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*]

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble *Sir Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wish you Joy. My Lady I wish you Joy———I-gad, *Sir Freeman*, you're the honestest Fellow living——'sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy

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airy upon this Matter——My Lord, how d'ye?——
A Word, my Lord: Don't you remember something
of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moi-
ety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will a-
mount to five thousand Pound.

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer*: You wou'd ha' cut my
Throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this
Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat still, if you shou'd
deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the Dispute,
the Lady's Fortune is ten thousand Pound, we'll di-
vide the Stakes; take the ten thousand Pound, or the
Lady.

Dor. How! Is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam; his Lordship knows very
well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his
Lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arra fait, de People do say you be all robb'd,
Joy.

Aim. The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir, as
you saw.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, our Inn be robb'd too.

Aim. Our Inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my Shalwation, our Landlord has robb'd
himself, and run away wid da Money.

Arch. Robb'd himself!

Foig. Ay fait! and me too of a hundred Pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred Pound!

Foig. Yes fait, Honny, that I did owe him.

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank*.

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone——
Sçavez vous quelque chose de Madamoiselle Cherry?

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay,——who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here, and a Letter for him.

Arch.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 85

Arch. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? *Legerdemain!* By this Light, my Lord, our Money again! but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the publick Good, and must be communicated to the Company.

Mr. Martin,

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a Pardon, he'll make great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country. Could I have met you instead of your Master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your hands, with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death,

Cherry Boniface.

There's a Billet-doux for you—As for the Father, I think he ought to be encouraged; and for the Daughter—Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsy*.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister: I intend to part her from her Husband.—Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

Foig. Ay, upon my Shoul, we'll all assist.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this?—They tell me, Spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it—Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd?

Sul. How came these Gentlemen here?

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Sul.* That's his way of returning Thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my Conscience de Question be à *propo*, for all dat.

Sir *Char.* You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you would deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sul. Humph.——

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the Rogues, join with them, and set fire to your House——What does the Man mean? Not part with his Wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your Wife! Upon my Shoul de Man does not understand common Shivility.

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, Gentlemen; all things here must move by Consent; Compulsion would spoil us: Let my Dear and I talk the Matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first who are to be our Judges:—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir *Ch.* I am Sir *Charles Freeman*, come to take away your Wife.

Sul. And you, good Sir?

Aim. *Charles Viscount Aimwell*, come to take away your Sister.

Sul. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. *Francis Archer*, Esq; come——

Sul. To take away my Mother, I hope——Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging People since I was born——And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first Word.

Arch. And the last, for five Pound. [*Afide.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. *Sul.* How long have you been marry'd?

Sul. By the Almanack, fourteen Months——but by my Account, fourteen Years.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis thereabout by my Reckoning.

Foig. Upon my Conscience dere Accounts vil agree.
Mrs.

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Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an Heir to my Estate.

Sir *Ch.* And have you succeeded?

Sul. No.

Arch. The Condition fails of his side. ——— Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. *Sul.* To support the Weakness of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleasures of an agreeable Society.

Sir *Ch.* Are your Expectations answer'd?

Mrs. *Sul.* No.

Foig. Arra Honeys, a clear Cause, a clear Cause!

Sir *Ch.* What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment?

Mrs. *Sul.* In the first place, I can't drink Ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. *Sul.* I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. *Sul.* I hate Cocking and Racing.

Sul. And I abhor Ombre and Picquet.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your Prating is worse.

Mrs. *Sul.* Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other—A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?

Sul. A frightful Goblin to the Sight.

Mrs. *Sul.* A Porcupine to the Feeling.

Sul. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taste.

Mrs. *Sul.* Is there on Earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes——to part.

Mrs. *Sul.* With all my heart.

Sul. Your Hand.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here.

Sul. These Hands join'd us, these shall part us. ———
Away ———

Mrs. *Sul.* North.

Sul. South.

Mrs. *Sul.* East.

Sul. West——far as the Poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, a very pretty Sheremony.

Sir *Ch.* Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my Sister's Fortune to make us easy.

Sul.

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Sul. Sir Charles, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a Stiver.

Arch. What is her Portion?

Sir Ch. Ten Thousand Pound, Sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my Lord, I thank him, has enabled me; and if the Lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This Night's Adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet*, in his Walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and Escritore, and has taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with your Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts, to an infinite Value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

[*Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*]

Sul. How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly. —Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding and my Divorce, you may command my House:—but my Head akes consumedly:—*Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam [*to Mrs. Sul.*] there's a Country-Dance to the Trifle that I sung to-day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

*Both happy in their sev'ral States we find:
Those parted by Consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee:
Consent is Law enough to set you free.*

The END of the FIFTH ACT.



A N

EPILOGUE,

Design'd to be spoke in the BEAUX
STRATAGEM.

By Mr. SMITH, the Author of
PHÆDRA and HYPOLITUS.

*[If to our Play your Judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author Pity find:
Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, you Fair, on his last Scene to frown,
But his true Exit with a Plaudit crown;
Then shall the dying Poet cease to fear
The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears.
At Leuctra so the conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his Friends Praises, but their Tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death, he greatly thought
Conquest with Loss of Life but cheaply bought.
The Difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,
As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite;
Ye Sons of Will's, what's that to those who write!
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his Bays:
You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian Praise.*

SONG



SONG of a TRIFLE.

Sung by *Archer* in the Third Act.

A Trifling Song you shall hear,
 Begun with a Trifle and ended:
All Trifling People draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles, a few,
That lately have come into Play;
The Men wou'd want something to do,
And the Women want something to say.

What makes Men trifle in Dressing?
Because the Ladies (they know)
Admire, by often Possessing,
That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has Trifl'd,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain:
No sooner the Virgin is rifl'd,
But a Trifle shall part 'em again.

What mortal Man wou'd be able
At White's half an hour to sit?
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking of Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see:
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will shew you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.

A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin :
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within ?

A Flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad :
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow :
A Peace is a Trifle to-day :
Who knows what may happen to-morrow ?

A Black-Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide in, the Red may endeavour :
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, the say ;
The Reason, pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles so throng.

But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot :
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

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<i>La Motte's</i> Criticism upon <i>Homer</i> . —————	o	1	0
<i>Homer's</i> Battel of the Frogs and Mice, a Poem, publish'd by Mr. Gay. ———	}	o	1 6
Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London, a Poem, by Mr. Gay. ———			
Dr. King's History of the Heathen Gods and Heroes, necessary for all Readers of Poetry. —————	}	o	2 6
Dean Daniel's Paraphrase upon the <i>Psalms</i> —			
Dr. Croxal's Ode on the King's Arrival. ———	o	1	0
Mr. Smith's Ode on the Death of Mr. J. Phillips.	o	0	6
A Letter to the Knight of the Sable Shield, a Poem, by Mr. Fenton. ———	}	o	0 6
A Letter to a Lady on the Arrival of the Princels of Wales, by Mr. Gay. ———			
A Poem on the Return of K. George I. by Mr. Dean Daniel. —————	}	o	0 6
An Ode for the Year 1717. To the King. By Mr. Wicksted. —————			
<i>Austin</i> and the Monks of <i>Bangor</i> , a Poem, by Mr. Keck. —————	}	o	0 4

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G. Vand' Gucht Teelt

Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Vade, sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.

Ovid. Trist. El. 1.



L O N D O N :

Printed for B. LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys* over-against
St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*; J. CLARKE, at
the *Royal Exchange*; and sold by W. FEALES, at
Rowe's Head the corner of *Essex-street* in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXXV.

Love and a Bottle

By the Author of 'The Love and a Bottle'

London: Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., 15, South Street, 1854.

Price 1s. 6d. per Volume.

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To the Right Honourable

P E R E G R I N E,

Lord Marquess of *Carmarthen*,
&c.

MY LORD,



BEING equally a Stranger to your LORDSHIP, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, something of a natural Impulse and aspiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Presumption, to declare my Respect: And be the Success how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I shall be so far thought a judicious Author, whose principal Business is to design his Works an Offering to the greatest Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, My LORD, stand accused of any sort of Adulation, but to my self; because Complements due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to my self, whilst I attempt your LORDSHIP's Praise. I dare make no Essay on your LORDSHIP's youthful Bravery and Courage, because such is always guarded with Modesty, but shall venture to present you some Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your LORDSHIP.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

*Courage, the highest Gift, that scorns to bend
To mean Devices for a sordid End :*

*Courage---- an independent Spark from Heaven's
bright Throne,*

*By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high,
alone ;*

*Great in itself, not Praises of the Crowd,
Above all Vice, it stoops not to be proud.*

*Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which these great in War, are great in Love.*

*The Spring of all brave Acts is seated here,
As Falshoods draw their sordid Birth from Fear.*

The best and noblest Part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty ; what Veneration then is due to those Virtues and Endowments which even engaged the Respect of Royalty itself, in the Person of one of the greatest Emperors in the World, who chose your LORDSHIP not only as a Companion, but a Conductor?

He wanted the Fire of such a *Briton* to animate his cold *Russians*, and would therefore choose you his Leader in War, as in Travel : He knew the Fury of the *Turk* could be only stopt by an *English* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A Sense of this Greatness, which might deter others, animates me to address your LORDSHIP ; resolv'd that my first Muse should take an high and daring Flight, I aspir'd to your LORDSHIP's Protection for this Trifle, which I must own my self now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



PROLOGUE,

By J. H.

Spoken by Mr. Powell, a Servant attending
with a Bottle of Wine.



S stubborn Atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
So in their Pangs most Authors, rack'd with
[Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our suppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd;
Love and a Bottle are his peaceful Arms,
Ladies and Gallants, have not These some Charms?
For LOVE, all Mankind to the Fair must sue;
And, Sirs, the BOTTLE he presents to you.
Health to the Play—[drinks] e'en let it fairly pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their Glasse!
O, there's a damning Soldier——let me think——
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink. [drinks.
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
From you the Poet's Helicon must come;
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He gives his Service—[drinks.] Sure you now are Friends.
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all Abuse,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuse,
But each Man's Mistress be the Poet's Muse.

}



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Roebuck.</i>	{ An <i>Irish</i> Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper ; newly come to <i>London</i> . }	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Lowerwell.</i>	{ His Friend, sober and modest, in love with <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Mockmode.</i>	{ A young 'Squire, come newly from the University, and setting up for a Beau. }	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Lyrick.</i>	A Poet.	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Pamphlet.</i>	A Bookseller.	} Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
<i>Rigadoon.</i>	A Dancing-Master.	
<i>Nimblewrist.</i>	A Fencing-Master.	Mr. <i>Astton</i> .
<i>Club.</i>	Servant to <i>Mockmode</i> .	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Brush.</i>	Servant to <i>Lowerwell</i> .	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .
<i>Lucinda.</i>	{ A Lady of conside- rable Fortune. }	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Leanthe.</i>	{ Sister to <i>Lowerwell</i> , in love with <i>Roebuck</i> , and disguis'd as <i>Lucinda's</i> Page. }	Mrs. <i>Maria Ali- son</i> .
<i>Trudge.</i>	Whore to <i>Roebuck</i> .	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Bulfinch.</i>	{ Landlady to <i>Mock- mode</i> , <i>Lyrick</i> , and <i>Trudge</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Porwel</i> .
<i>Pindrefs.</i>	{ Attendant and Con- fident to <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Moor</i> .

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Masques, Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.



LOVE and a BOTTLE.



ACT I.

SCENE, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck in a Riding Habit solus, repeating the following Line.



*HUS far our Arms have with Success
been Crown'd — Heroically spoken,
faith, of a Fellow that has not one
Farthing in his Pocket! If I have one
Penny to buy a Halter withal in my
present Necessity, may I be hang'd;
tho' I'm reduc'd to a fair way of ob-
taining one methodically very soon, if Robbery or
Theft will purchase the Gallows. But hold—can't I
rob honourably, by turning Soldier?*

Enter a Cripple, begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the
Lord's sake.

Roeb. Ha! — a Glimpse of Damnation just as
a Man is entering into Sin, is no great Policy of the
Devil.—But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip. Five Years, an't please you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch, born you.

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five Year a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar!——This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful Maintenance than I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why wou'dst thou beg of me? Dost think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you Charitable. Your warm Fellows are so much above the Sense of our Misery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by sad Experience, as needless to beg of a rich Man, as a Clergy-man. Our greatest Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and must now turn Beggars like my self; and so, 'Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will say Dam'me, and give me Six-pence; and a Parson shall whine out God blefs me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Blessing much the best.

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compassionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear, stop their Ears so close, that they can't hear us; and if they shou'd, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul, that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miser in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends bestow, a little Advice: I am as poor as thou art, and am designing to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir. See what an honourable Post I am forc'd to stand to; my Rags are Scare-crows
sufficient

Love and a Bottle.

II

sufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. [*Shewing his Crutch.*]

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer sort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou hast got a Cloven Foot instead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Case that a Man must never expect to go nearer Heav'n than some steps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable; I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend *Love-well* (which I think impossible, being so great a Stranger in Town) Fortune, thou hast done thy worst: I proclaim open War against thee.

*I'll stab the next rich Darling that I see;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.*

[*Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making some turns cross the Stage in Disorder, while the next speak. Exit Beggar.*]

Enter Lucinda and Pindrefs.

Luc. Oh! these Summer Mornings are so delicately fine, *Pindrefs*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, these Summer Mornings are as pleasant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Love-well*.

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his share very soon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I shall soon lie under an Eclipse, *Pindrefs*.

Pin. Then it must be full Moon with your Ladyship. But why wou'd you chuse to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no Cause, but that People are aptest to run Mad in hot Weather, unless you take a Woman's Reason.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed strange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oldest Dream last Night, of my Countier that is to be, 'Squire *Mockmode*. He appeared crowded about with a Dancing-Master, Pushing-Master, Musick-Master, and all the throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery so awkwardly, that his Imitation was downright burlesquing it. I burst out a Laughing so heartily, that I awaken'd my self.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Have not you seen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives Account that he's newly come to Town from the University, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, smoke Tobacco, and chop Logick——Faugh,——it makes me sick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns join to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns shall never join to mine in the City: For since I have the Disposal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell's* the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money: for I've had above twenty Pieces from him since his Courtship began. He's the prettiest sober Gentleman; I have so strong an Opinion of his Modesty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your first Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh, God forbid! I hope a Lawyer understands Business better than to beget any thing *non compos*——The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we must set out our false Colours. [*Put on their Masks.*]

Pin. We Masks are the purest Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruize about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread those blustering Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-side of *Damme's* and *Sinkme's*, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin. In Truth, Madam, and the most of them are lawful Prize, for they generally have *French Ware* under Hatches.

Luc.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conscience, Girl, thou'rt quite spoil'd. An Actress upon the Stage would blush at such Expressions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyship wou'd seem to blush in the Box, when the Redness of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Constraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a stronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as strong as a hempen Cord, with containing a violent Tehee at a smutty Jest in the last Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl; that impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Business. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has mis'd us for Want of the Sign.--- But whom have we here? An odd Figure, some Gentleman in Disguise, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I shou'd believe him in Disguise; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air shew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonstrate him a Wit. He may afford us some Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of those dangerous Men of War you just now mention'd as can be; you had best send out your Pinnace before, to discover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him myself. [*Moves towards him.*
What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam.

[*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream standing?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often when my Sleep's haunted by such pretty Goblins as you. You are a Sort of Dream I would fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the wise Men of the East?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the West.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that?

Roeb.

Roeb. An *Irish-man*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Irish-man*! a mere Wolf-Dog, I protest.

Roeb. Ben't surpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-Dog is as well natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell you.

[*Lays hold on her.*]

Luc. Pray, good *Cæsar*, keep off your Paws; no scraping Acquaintance, for Heaven's sake. Tell us some News of your Country; I have heard the strangest Stories—that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, 'faith, a great many wear Horns: but we had that, among other laudable Fashions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topnots; for ever since, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Fashions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houses; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houses, and Bawdy-houses: In short, every thing that you can boast of, but Pops, Poets, Toads, and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beau's at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springs to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam, our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally stripped of their Feathers by the Play-house and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a Token of a Wit, as the Laurel.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unless *St. Patrick* sent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But since I have described my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a sight of your Face.

Luc.

Luc. Come you to Particulars first. Pray, Sir, unmask, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmask, and shew who I am.

Roeb. You must dismiss your Attendant then, Madam; for the distinguishing particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Mistress; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whisper'd, Sir?

Roeb. O yes, Madam, I can give you a Hint, by which you may understand 'em.

[Pretends to whisper, and kisses her.]

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, since you're so good at mind-ing Folks, have with you.

[Catches her fast, carrying her off.]

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thy self. *[Draws.]*

Roeb. What! Knight Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely sent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.

[Quits 'em, they go off.]

—Have at thee—St. George for England.

[They fight, after some passes, Roeb. starts]

—My Friend Lovewell! *back and pauses.*

Love. My dear Roebuck!

[Fling down their Swords, and embrace.]

Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, begad.

Love. Why, thy being in London is such a Mystery, that I must have the Evidence of more Senses than one to confirm me of its Truth.—But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why 'faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your self for not guessing it—What is the universal Cause of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The universal Cause of our continued Evils, is the Devil sure. *Roeb.*

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned*—— That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradise*, has sent me a packing out of *Ireland*.

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit, that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*—— The Jade was so pregnant as to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in Clusters; and my unconscionable Father, because I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I would not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a disobedient Son, and so——

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Mantua and High-head; but these are grown as little Signs of Gentility now-a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what Necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you——To shun th'insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often repeated Advice of impertinent Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill Bawling of an ill-natur'd Bastard——From all which, Good Lord deliver me.

Love. And so you left them to grand Dadda!—— Ha, ha, ha.

Roeb. Heav'n was pleas'd to lessen my Affliction, by taking away the She-brat; but the t'other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Love**well*; I made bold to make my Man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Love**well*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.——But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous;——and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdness and Ugliness.

Love.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Profelyte to this Profession?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour——Damn it for a Whim.——Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whore-masters, we should have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Virtue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them, and consequently they must us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Virtue, honest *George Roebuck* would have lain with your Sister, *Ned*, and should enjoy a Countess before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Sister.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Sister, *Ned*, to tempt me. As she was thy Sister, I had no Design upon her; but as she's a pretty Woman, I could scarcely forbear her, were she my own.

Love. But, upon serious Reflection, could not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into thy Wife, than here by turning other Mens Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you must trade with them, for aught I see.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully!——a great many poor People live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engrossing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought some small Stock to set up with.

Roeb. The Greatness of my Wants, which wou'd force me to discover 'em, makes me blush to own 'em. [*Aside.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and would burthen my self with no more than just necessary Charges.

Love

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither, is so unreasonable high, that——

Love. What!

Roeb. That——Zoons, I have not one Farthing——Now you understand me.

Love. No, 'faith, I never understand one that comes in *forma pauperis*; I ha'n't study'd the Law so long for nothing.——But what Prospect can you propose of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was just thanking my Stars for sending me a Throat to cut, and consequently a Purse: But my Knowledge of you prevented me of that way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in return to assist me by some better Means. You were once an honest Fellow: but so long Study in the Inns may alter a Man strangely, as you say.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm still a Friend to thy Virtues, and esteem thy Follies as Foils only to set them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are some Pieces, share of what I have about me: Take them as Earnest of my farther Supply; you know my Estate's sufficient to maintain us both, if you will either restrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Necessaries.

Roeb. Thy Profession of Kindness is so great, that I cou'd almost suspect it of Design. But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the Fatigue of my Journey, besides a violent Fit of Sickness, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhausting of my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a Relish of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then———Oh Heavens and Earth!

[As they are going off, *Roebuck* starts back as surpris'd.

Love. What's the Matter, Man?

Roeb. Why? Death and the Devil; or, what's worse, a Woman and a Child——Oons! don't you see Mrs. *Trudge* with my Bastard in her Arms crossing the Field towards us? ——Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the way to *London*!

Love.

Love. Mrs. Trudge! my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same; your old Acquaintance; and for aught I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reasonable then I should pay share at the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean time you had best retire.—*Brush*, conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bulfinch's*, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine. — Fly, and come back presently — [*Exeunt Roeb. and Brush.* — So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid these are but part of his Retinue. — But hold — I shan't be able to sustain the shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till she has discharged her first Volley, then surprize her.

Enter Trudge, with a Child crying.

Hush, hush, hush — And indeed it was a young Traveller — And what would it say? It says that Daddy is a false Man, a cruel Man, an ungrateful Man. — In troth so he is, my dear Child. — What shall I do with it, poor Creature! — Hush, hush, hush — Was ever poor Woman in such a lamentable Condition? Immediately after the Pains of one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another! — But I'm sure he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curses, and the Misery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I should know that Voice — — [*Moving forward.*] What! Mrs. Trudge! and in London! whose brave Boy hast thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm very glad to see you — and yet am asham'd to see you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying*] and you know, Mr. *Lovewell*, that he's such a handsome Man, and has so many ways of insinuating, that the Frailty of Woman's Nature could not resist him.

Love. What's all this? — A handsome Man! Ways of insinuating! Frailty of Nature! — I don't understand these ambiguous Terms.

Trud.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm sure you have seen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm sure 'twould be the first thing he would tell you. I refer to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal so barbarously with any Woman that had us'd him so civilly. I was kinder to him than I would have been to my own born Brother.

Love. Oh then, I find Kissing goes by Favour, Mrs. *Trudge*.

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are all alike—Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were spit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Nose to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Nose; and the little Pigmy his Mamma's Mouth.——Oh the little Lips! and 'tis the best natur'd little Dear—[*Smuggles and kisses it*].—And would it ask its Godfather's Blessing?——Indeed, Mr. *Lovewell*, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Blessing.
[*Gives it Gold.*]

[*As he gives her the Gold, enter Lucinda and Pindress, who seeing them stand, abscond.*]

Come, Madam, I'll first settle you in a Lodging, and then find the false Man, as you call him.

[*Ex. Love. and Trud.*]

Lucinda and Pindress come forward.

Luc. The false Man is found already.——Was there ever such a lucky Discovery?——My Care for his Preservation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindness is return'd! Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the Place, thereby to afford him Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talk very familiarly; so that they could not be Strangers, as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true, as he is false.——What! slighted! despis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of the Sex!——But I'll be reveng'd.

venge'd. I'll marry the first Man that asks me the Question; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a senseless Fop;——Nay, tho' impossible, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your self.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deserve Punishment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falseness,—— And you deserve it too, Minx; your Persuasions drew me to this Affignation: I never lov'd the false Man.

Pin. That's false, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Luc. But you thought to get another piece of Gold. We shall have him giving you Money on the same Score, he was so liberal to his Whore just now.

[*Walks about in Passion.*]

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendship——now for my Love.——I han't transgressed much.——Oh, there she is.——Oh my Angel!

[*Runs to her.*]

Luc. Oh thou Devil!

[*Starts back.*]

Love. Not unless you damn me, Madam,

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[*Exit, pushing Pindress.*]

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be sworn.——Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now? By the Lord, these Women are like their Maidenheads, no sooner found than lost——Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindress*, and know the Occasion of this.—[*Brush runs.*]
——Stay, come back.——Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Brush. That's the first wise Word you have spoken these two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jest, Sirrah, and I'll ——

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right Earnest. 'Tis a less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap Surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me, because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you mumbling?

Brush.

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir.—I have been these three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[*Bows, as going.*]

Love. Hold, you sha'n't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master; yet one would think you might, for you have lost your Mistress. Oons, Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance. Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses Six-pence. That little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he shot as many Darts as I have carried *Billet-Doux*, he would have laid her kicking with her Heels up e'er now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the Stumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I have sweat out all the moisture of my Hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have.—

Love. Hold, Sir, your Trouble is now at an end, for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three Years for nothing but a Wife?

Love. Do you think, Rascal, I would have taken so much Pains to make her a Miss?

Brush. No, Sir; the tenth part on't wou'd ha' done.

——But if you are resolved to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the matter now, Sirrah?

Brush. Why, the matter will be, that I must then Pimp for her:—Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this while, but teaching her the way to Cuckold ye?—Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish Point to manage.—Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Brush. That's it, Sir. She resolves to put your Easiness to the Test now, that she may with more Security rely upon't hereafter.—Always suspect those Women of Designs, that are for searching into the Humours of their

their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How cam'st thou such an Engineer in Love?

Brush. I have sprung some Mines in my time, Sir; and since I have trudg'd so long about your amorous Messages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than some Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever discover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occasion this suspicious Discourse?

Brush. Sir, has this Lady ever discover'd any Behaviour of yours to occasion this suspicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman said) as any Woman: But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about ravishing her Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Master, like Man*; why not as well, *like Mistress, like Maid*?

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Besides, so fair an Opportunity offers, that Fate seem'd to design it.—Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Brush. Yes, Sir, and sent a Porter to his Inn to bring his things thither.

Love. That's right.—Love, like other Diseases, must sometimes have a desperate Cure. The School of *Venus* imposes the strict Discipline: And awful *Cupid* is a chast'ning God: He whips severely.

Brush. No, not if we kiss the Rod. [Exeunt.]

The End of the First Act.

ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E, Lovewell's Lodgings.

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck dress'd, and Brush.

L O V E W E L L.



My Conscience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the constant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that she infallibly loves the Man for doing the Business, and he certainly hates her.—But what Company is she like to have at this same Widow's, *Brush*?

Brush. Oh, the best of Company, Sir; a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worst Company, for they're ill-natur'd.

Brush. Ah, Sir, but it does no Body any harm: for these Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They must be good natur'd, spite of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis said, he pays his Lodging by cracking some smutty Jest with his Landlady over-night; for she's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While Roeb. and Brush talk, Lovewell seems to project something by himself.*]

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Brush. One newly enter'd, a young 'Squire, just come from the University.

Roeb. A mere Peripatetick, I warrant him.—
A very pretty Family! a Heathen Philosopher, an English Poet, and an Irish Whore. Had the Landlady but an Highland Piper to join with 'em, she might

see

set up for a Collection of Monsters—— Any body within?

[Slaps Lovewell on the Shoulder.

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In short, I have one Request to make, That you would renounce your wild Courses, and lead a sober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You shall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquish your precise sober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' shou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themselves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worse than our Wine: Our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all; they are both adulterated: To prevent the Inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Mistress.

Roeb. An honourable Mistress! What's that?

Love. A virtuous Lady, whom you must love and court; the surest Method of reclaiming you.—As thus: Those superfluous pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out—

Roeb. To the Poor?

Love. No, no: In sweet Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire and Chair-hire. Those idle Hours which you mispend with lewd sophisticated Wenches, must be dedicated——

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No; to the innocent and charming Conversation of your virtuous Mistress; by which means, the two most exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I must first despise the honest jolly Conversation at the Tavern, for the foppish, affected, dull, insipid Entertainment at the Chocolate House: must quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harness my self to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of *Cupid's* Livery-Boys.—The second Article is, That I must resign the Company of lewd

B

Women,

Women, for that of my innocent Mistress; that is, I must change my easy natural Sin of Wenching, to that constrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing. — The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Sister, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck*! your Reason will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I've lost my Reason; Come, come, a Wench, a Wench! a soft, white, easy, consenting Creature! — Prithee, *Ned*, leave Mustiness, and shew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the least Variety. — Look out — See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there. [Pointing outwards.]

Roeb. Oh *Venus*! all these fine stately Creatures! — Fare you well, *Ned*.

[Runs out; Love catches him, and pulls him back.]
Prithee let me go; 'tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite starv'd. I'll just take a Snap, and be with you in the twinkling — As you're my Friend — I must go.

Love. Then we must break for all together. [Quits him.]
— He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendship, as in Love.

Roeb. If you saw how ill that serious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you would never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Masquerade but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdness suits much worse with your Circumstances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, these Circumstances! Damn these Circumstances — There he has ham-string'd me. This Poverty, how it makes a Man sneak! — Well, prithee let's know this devilish virtuous Lady. By the Circumstances of my Body, I shall soon be off or on with her.

Love. Give me then for thy utter Condemnation, that she's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good — Beautiful! Better — Witty! Best of all. — Now with these three Qualifications, if she be nicely virtuous, then I'll
henceforth

henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat.
 —Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as
 inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to de-
 bauch one for a Wager, her Wit should be my Bawd—
 Come, come, the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the
 Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right—But there was a cunninger Devil than
 you to tempt. —I'll assure you, *George*, your Rhetor-
 ick would fail you here; she wou'd worst you at your
 own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if she be Eigh-
 teen, as you say.

Love. Have a Care, Friend, this Satyr will get you
 torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus's*
 Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deserv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right.—[*Afide.*] —But you
 shall go to Heaven for a Mistress, you shall court this
 Divine Creature. —I don't desire you to fall in Love
 with her; I don't intend you should marry her neither:
 But you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex;
 tho' if you should conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue,
 will be glorious, and infinitely worth the pains in at-
 taining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circum-
 stances—

Love. Come, you shan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews
 of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the bravest
 Pimp I ever heard of—Well, give me Directions
 to sail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and
 then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the Manner of
 Courtship.

Roeb. No, I have seen some few Principles, on which
 my Courtship's founded, which seldom fail. To let a
 Lady rely upon my Modesty, but to depend my self al-
 together upon my Impudence; to use a Mistress like a

Deity in Publick, but like a Woman in Private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Question, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can't hurt a Lady's Reputation, tho' touch'd to the tenderest Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Success.

Roeb. No, not to her very self; it must be as private as Devotion—— No blabbing, unless a sqwawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales.—— But where lies my Course?

Love. *Brush* shall shew you the House; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; she's Heiress to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, observe this; She has a Page which you must get on your side; 'tis a very pretty Boy; I presented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Countryman too; he brought me a Letter from my Sister, which I have about me. —— Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almost blush to see it. [Aside.

[Reads.]

Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me, as her last Request, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page. I hope I have obey'd my Friend's last Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by sending him to you. Pray dispose of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Sister,

LEANTHE.

[While he reads, *Love.* talks to *Brush*, and gives him some Directions seemingly.

All Friends are well; Is that all? Not a Word of poor *Roebuck*? —— I wonder she mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But she has forgot me already. True Woman still—— Well, I may excuse her, for I am making all the haste I can to forget her.

Love.

Love and a Bottle.

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Love. Be sure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me presently at Widow *Bullfinch's*. [*Aside to Brush.*]

—Well, *George*, you won't communicate your Success?

Roeb. You may guess what you please. — I'm as merry after a Mistress as after a Bottle. — All Air; brim full of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret smiling and sparkling.

Love. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor shall I drink to any Body —

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to a Dining-room in Widow *Bullfinch's* House. A Flute and Musick-book upon the Table; Case of Toys hanging up.

Enter Rigadoon the Dancing-master, leading in Mockmode by both Hands, as teaching him the Minuet; he sings and Mockmode dances awkwardly; Club follows.

Rig. Tal—dal—deral — One—Two—Tal—dal—deral — Coupe — Tal — dal — deral — Very well — dal — deral — Wrong — Tal — dal — deral — Observe Time: — Very well indeed, Sir; you shall dance as well as any Man in *England*; you have an excellent Disposition in your Limbs, Sir — Observe me, Sir.

[*Here the Master dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut Club makes an awkward Imitation, by leaping up.*]

And so forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we shall disturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You must have a care of that; she'll never pardon you. — Landlady! Every Woman, from a Countess to a Kitchen-wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir*.

Mock. Must I then lose my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire *Mockmode*?

Rig. By all means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the same thing here.

Mock. That's very comical, faith — But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon*? — Well,

since I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well ; I have a great Estate, and want only to be a great Beau, to qualify me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Universe, I have a great mind to bind myself 'Prentice to a Beau ——— Cou'd I but dance well, push well, play upon the Flute, and swear the most modish Oaths, I wou'd set up for Quality with e'er a young Nobleman of 'em all ——— Pray what are the most fashionable Oaths in Town ? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming One.

Rig. *Zoons* is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies : But *Zauns* is the Beau's Pronunciation.

Mock. *Zauns* ?

Club. *Zauns*.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we swear as we dance ; smooth, and with a Cadence. ——— *Zauns* ! 'Tis harmonious, and pleases the Ladies, because 'tis soft. — *Zauns*, Madam — is the only Complement our great Beaux pass on a Lady.

Mock. But suppose a Lady speaks to me, what must I say ?

Rig. Nothing, Sir ——— you must take Snush, grin, and make her an humble Cringe ——— Thus :

[*He bows Foppishly and takes Snush ; Mockmode imitates him awkwardly ; and taking Snush, sneezes.*]

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you must never sneeze ; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangeree*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir ; their Skull is a perfect Snush-box ; and I heard a Physician swear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Divisions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangeree*, *Bourgamot*, and *Plain-Spanish*.

Mock. *Zauns*, I must sneeze ——— [*Sneezes.*] — Bless me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode* ! What a rustical Expression that is ! ——— Bless me ! ——— You should upon all such Occasions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauseous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obsolete Expression.

Club. I find, that going to the Devil is very modish in this Town ——— Pray, Master Dancing-master, what Religion may these Beaux be of ?

Rig.

Rig. A sort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worship the first thing they see in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glafs; and some of 'em such Hellish Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worship the Devil.

Rig. Then you shall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you must be sure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Musick very convenient too? — I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire, Bithemi, Cefolsa, Delasol, Ela, Effaut, Gefolreut.* I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of these Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unless he understands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir, that's easy. *Effaut* and *Gefolreut* were two famous German Musicians, and the rest were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only seven?

Rig. From a prodigious Bass-Viol with seven Strings, that play'd a Jigg, call'd, the *Musick of the Spheres*; the seven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-strings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-master?

Rig. O Lard, Sir, *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-master; he shews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where, after some Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their places, and there they stand ready, till the next squeak of a Philosopher's Fiddle sets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Pushing-master.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you must have a care of pushing, 'twill spoil the niceness of your Steps. Learn a Flourish or two; and that's all a Beau can have occasion for.

[Exit Rig.]

Enter Nimblewrist.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewrist*! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe.

Nimb. That was a home Thrust. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [Takes down a Fil.]

— I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordsman; you're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*. — Sa, fa — like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But I think Backsword is the best Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! — Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of it. — *France* is bounden on the North with the *Rhine*.

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with *Quart*, on the South with *Tierce*, and so forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What! are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, because we make so much Work for 'em. — But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out; but then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so, among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the public Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live still by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *English* Courage, *French* Honour, and *Spanish* Blades among us, I shall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly;

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fairly ; kill'd 'em thus, Sir, — Sa, fa, fa, fa, Par y, parry, parry. —

[*He pushes Mockmode on the Ribs ; he strikes Nimble-wrist over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*]

Club. What's the Name of that Thrust, pray, Sir ?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir ! he did not touch me, not in the least, Sir, the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack.

[*Blood runs down his Face.*]

Club. A very palpable Crack, truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you please to teach me my Honours — My Dancing-master has forbid me any more, lest I should discompose my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-master is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and so —

Mock. Oh Sir ! he calls you Blockhead, by the Universe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir — [*Foppishly.*]

Nimb. Zoons, Sir — [*Bluffishly.*]

Rig. I have more Wit in the sole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir ; you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry such empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect *Antipodes* to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you, good Monsieur fa, fa ? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greatest falsifier in his Art ; he'll fill your Head so full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honesty left. His Breast-plate there he calls the Butt of Honour ; at which all the Fools in the Kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never shot in his Bow, Sir — You Dancers are the Battledors of the Nation, that toss the light foppish Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get your selves in heat. — Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode* ; this Fellow will make a mere Grashopper of you — Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdness ; and the

the Devil and a Dancing-Master, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir ! What then, Sir ? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chastity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We shall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who must be hang'd for you. Which is best, Mr. *Nimblewrist*, an easie Minuet, or a *Tyburn* Jigg ?

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, lest that Art you so revile shou'd revenge it self ; for every one of you that live by Dancing, shou'd Die by Pushing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Pushing, shou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir ! What d'ye mean ?

Rig. Nothing, Sir ; — Tall----dal----deral. [*Dances.*] — This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode* ; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in the Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the Business. If you want a Fortune, come to me---Tall----dal----deral---. [*Dances.*]

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir---fa---fa---does your Business soonest with a Woman : A clean and manly Extension of all your parts---Ha---Carrying a true Point is the matter.---Sa, fa, fa, fa,---Defend your self.

[*Pushes at Rigadoon, who Dances and Sings, retiring off the Stage.*]

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Goodness ! What a Room's here ! Cou'd not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up ? And here's such a tripping and such a stamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-Masters have been the Downfal of many Houses. Get out of my Doors ; my House was never in such a pickle. --- You Country Gentlemen, newly come to London, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, must

be

he shaking the Water off, and bespatter every body about you. —

[*Mockmode having taken Snuff, offering to sneeze, sneezes in her Face.*]

Mock. Zauns, Madam [*Sneezes.*] — Bless me — Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. These cursed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, fa, — — — — — Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Pushing and Dancing Days are done! But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that would match you — Ah, my poor *Robin*! He dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young Man as ever step'd into a black Leather Shoe; He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel — — — — — But I am sure he might have recover'd but for the Physicians — — — — — Oh these Doctors, these Doctors!

Mock. Bless the Doctors, I say; for I believe they kill'd my honest old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true. If my *Robin* had left me an Estate, I should have said so too. — [*Cries.*]

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you must not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll assure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's most modish for Beverage? For, I suppose, the Fashion of that alters with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the best Judges of that — — — — — But Champagne, I suppose.

Mock. Is Champagne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker. — I think they call my Wig a Champagne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champagne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty ! Oh, by the Universe, I must be witty. I'll drink nothing else ; I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly. — Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of — what d'ye call it ? — the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the University shou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no such thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your solid Philosophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Universe. I must get acquainted with the great Poets, Landlady, you must introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir ; Wou'd you ruin me ? I introduce you ! No Widow dare be seen with a Poet, for fear she should be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him ! What's that ? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country : I hope, they don't fleece the Wits.

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces ! there's a great Cry, but little Wool. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to introduce you ; 'tis one *Loverwell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here sometimes.

Mock. *Loverwell* ! By the Universe, my Rival ; I heard of him in the Country : This puts me in mind of my Mistress — — — *Zauns*, I'm certainly become a Beau already ; for I was so in love with my self, I quite forgot her. — I have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by. — — —

[*Pulls out a large Pocket-Book ; turning over the Leaves, reads to himself.*

Six-pence for washing — — Two-pence to the Maid.
— Six-pence for Snuff — — — One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.
— By the Universe, I have lost the Directions. — — —
Hark ye, Madam, does this same *Loverwell* come often here, say you ?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often — — — There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now.

Mock.

Moc. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now! of his Acquaintance, do you say?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you say. By the Universe, shou'd I happen to lodge in the same House with my Mistress — I gad, it must be the same. Can you tell the Woman's Name? — Stay — Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe she's a Widow, for she has a young Son, and I'm sure 'tis legitimately begotten; for it is the bravest Child you shall see in a Summer's Day: 'tis not like one of our puling Brats of the Town here, born with the Diseases of half a dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Universe, I don't remember whether my Mistress is Maid or Widow: But a Widow, so much the better; for all your *London* Widows are devilish rich, they say. She came in a Coach, did she not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly she — Does she not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not stirr'd abroad since she came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told she was very reserv'd, tho' 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother say, that sitting at Home and Silence were very becoming in a Maid; and she has often chid my Sister *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. I gad, I'm the most lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. 'Oh, but this Lady, Sir. —

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to speak with you instantly.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Minute. *[Exit with Servant.]*

Enter Club with Wine and Glasses.

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glasses. Now that I have found my Mistress, I must next find my Wits.

Club.

Club. So you had need, Master ; for they that find a Mistress, are generally out of their Wits.

[*Gives him a Glass.*]

Mock. Come, fill your self. [*They jingle and drink.*]
But where's the Wit now, *Club* ? Have you found it ?

Club. Igad, Master, I think 'tis a very good Jest.

Mock. What ?

Club. What ! why drinking. You'll find, Master, that this same Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this same *Will i'th'Whisp*, is a Wit at the Bottom. [*Fills.* — Here, here, Master ; how it puns and quibbles in the Glass !

Mock. By the Universe, now I have it ; the Wit lies in the Jingling : All Wit consists most in Jingling. Hear how the Glasses rhyme to one another.

Club. What, Master, are these Wits so apt to clash ?

[*Jingle the Glasses.*]

Mock. Oh by the Universe, by the Universe, this is Wit [*Breaks 'em.*] My Landlady is in the right. — I have often heard there was Wit in breaking Glasses. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then that this same Wit is very brittle Ware. — But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to spill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jest, Sirrah ; all Wit consists in losing ; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy this same Wine is all sold at *Will's* Coffee-house. Do you know the way thither, Sirrah ? I long to see Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the rest of 'em. I wonder how they look ! Certainly these Poets must have something extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the Town, I long to see nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam* — Come in, *Club* ; I must go practise my Honours — Tal — dal — deral —

[*Exit dancing, and Club toping.*]

Enter Lovewell and Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh, Mr. *Lovewell* ! you come just in the nick ; I was ready to spoil all, by telling him she was a Stranger, and just now come.

Lowe.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future ; 'tis the most fortunate Chance that ever beset me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our side.

Bull. There's no Body but Mr. *Lyrick* ; and you had as safely tell a Story over a Groaning-cheese, as to him.

Love. How so ?

Bull. Why, you must know, that he has been Lying in these four Months of a Play ; and he has got all the Muses about him ; a Parcel of the most tattling Gossips.

Love. Come, come ; no more words ; but to our Business. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good Hopes of its succeeding ?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's side. But I'm afraid your Widow will never play her part, she's so awkward, and so fullen.

Love. Go you and instruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee, who is this same *Roebuck* ? ——— Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is something else at the Bottom ; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well.

[Exit.]

Enter Brush.

Love. So, Sirrah, where have you left the Gentleman ?

Brush. In a Friend's House, Sir.

Love. What Friend ?

Brush. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there ?

Brush. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean ?

Brush. A Coach and Six, Sir, no less, I'll assure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six !

Brush. Yes, Sir, six Whores and a carted Bawd. He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this splendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant ? He told me, he only wanted to whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love.

Love. The Fellow will have his swing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode*; call himself *Mockmode* upon all Occasions; and tell him, that he shall find me here about Four in the Afternoon — Ask no Questions, but fly—[*Exit Brush.*] So:— His usurping that Name gives him a Title to court *Lucinda*, by which I shall discover her Inclination to this *Mockmode*, whose coming to Town has certainly occasion'd her Quarrel with me; while I set the Hound himself upon a wrong Scent, and ten to one provide for Mistress *Trudge* by the Bargain. 'Tis said, one can't be a Friend and a Lover;

*But opposite to that, this Plot shall prove,
I'll serve my Friend by what assists my Love.* [*Exit.*]

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *Lucinda's House.*

Enter Leanthé sola, dress'd like a Page,



*M*ethinks this Livery suits ill my Birth; but Slave to Love, I must not disobey; his Service is the hardest Vassalage, forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godships down to be more Gods, more happy here below— Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, disguis'd my self so much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindest; to follow one, perhaps, who loves me not, tho' every Breath of his soft Words was Passion, and every Accent Love. Oh *Roebuck*!

[*Weeps.*]

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that must light

light me the Way——How now, pretty Boy ; has your Lady beaten you ? ha ! ——This Lady must be a *Venus*, for she has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy——[*Leante starts, and stares at him.*] but a very comical Boy——What the Devil does he stare at ?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns ! is the Object real, or are my Eyes false ? Is that *Roebuck* ? or am I *Leante* ? I'm afraid he's not the same ; and too sure I'm not my self——*[Aside.]* *[Weeps.]*

Roeb. What Offence could such pretty Innocence commit, to deserve a Punishment to make you cry ?

Lean. Oh Sir ! a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child ?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you should have a care of sharp things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought ; for it prick'd me so deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy ! here's a Plaster for your fore Finger. *[Gives him Gold.]*

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger.

[Returns it.]

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold——Come, come, you shall take it. *[Forces it upon him, and kisses him.]*

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my sore Finger——The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true ! *[Aside.]*

Roeb. By Heav'ns, this Boy has the softest Pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiss'd their Pages ; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. Egad, I must kiss him again —— Come, you shall take the Money. *[Kisses.]*

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery ! *[Aside.]* But what must I do with this Money, Sir ?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already ; and, they say,
no

no Man can serve two Masters, much less two Mistresses. How many Mistresses have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! I gad, the Boy has pos'd me—— How many, Child? Why, let me see---There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Susan*, Mrs. *Judy*, and so forth; to the number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. O ye Powers! and did you love them all?

Roeb. Yes, desperately-----I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of 'em: I have sworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy. Learn betimes, Youth; young Plants shou'd be water'd. Your Smock-Face was made for a Chamber Utensil.

Lean. And did not one escape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did----the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge still; something between Love and Spite,-----I could kill her with Kindness.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be so hard-hearted, sure: Her honourable Passion, I think, shou'd please you best.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bombast of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll understand better things.

Lean. And must I be a false treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falshood and Perjury essential to the perfect State of Manhood?

Roeb. Pshaw, Children and old Men always talk thus foolishly-----You understand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World so educating to a Boy, as a Lady's-----By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the---Pincushion? Do you never

fit

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fit on her Bed-side, and sing to her? Ha! ----- Come, tell me, that's my good Boy. [*Makes much of him.*]

Lean. Yes, I do sing her asleep sometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I constantly wake my self; my Rest's always disturb'd by Visions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who wou'd imagine now, that this young Shaver cou'd dream of a Woman so soon? ----- But what Songs does your Lady delight in most?

Lean. Passionate ones, Sir; I'll sing you one of 'em, if you'll stay.

Roeb. With all my Heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of shewing his Parts. — Come, begin.

A S O N G : Set by Mr. Richardson.

I.

HOW blessed are Lovers in Disguise!

Like Gods they see,

As I do thee,

Unseen by humane Eyes.

Expos'd to view,

I'm hid from you,

I'm alter'd, yet the same:

The Dark conceals me,

Love reveals me;

Love, which lights me by its Flame.

II.

Were you not false, you wou'd me know;

For tho' your Eyes

Cou'd not devise,

Your Heart had told you so.

Your Heart wou'd beat

With eager Heat,

And me by Sympathy wou'd find:

True Love might see

One chang'd like me,

False Love is only blind.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape! —
[*Kisses her.*] I cou'd wish my self a Female for thy
a ke.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my sake.

[*Aside.*

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd —

Lean. What would you? marry me? would you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you should not have my Hand, but all my Body at once. — But to our Business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What Business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lovewell*.

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World — but his Sister —

Roeb. His Sister! — Ha, that gives me a Twinge for my Sin — Pray, Mr. *Page*, was *Leant* well when you left her?

Lean. Yes, Sir; but wondrotis melancholy, by the Departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. Oh, that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose Departure occasion'd your Departure for *England*.

Lean. That was the Occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir: — Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature! — But I still find there was not a Word of me — Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Business is from Mr. *Lovewell*, I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go.

[*Exit.*

Roeb. I have thrown my Cast, and am fairly in for't. But a'n't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brags in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue, of good Fortune and Quality; I am a rakehelly Rascal, not worth a Groat; and, without any farther Ceremony, am going

ing to debauch her. ——— But hold ——— She does not know that I'm this rakehelly Rascal ; and I know that she's a Woman, one of Eighteen too ; beautiful, witty. ——— O' my Conscience, upon second Thoughts, I am not so impudent neither. ——— Now as to my Management, I'll first try the whining Addressses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda,

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir ?

Roeb. Thus look'd the Forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree. *[Aside.]*

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir ?

[Comes nearer.]

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the Business of Mankind ; to adore you ——— My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulse of my Heart animates me with a fresh Passion ——— Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your eyes, whose pointed Darts have struck on a young and tender Heart, which they easily pierced, and which, unaccustom'd to such Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[Lean. peeps.] Oh Traytor ! Just such Words he spake to me.

Luc. Hey day ! I was never so attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir ! Did you ever see me before ?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove*. ——— *[Aside.]* Oh, ten thousand times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either asleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, sitting, or standing ; alone, or in Company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you ——— Now have I told about fifteen Lyes in a Breath. *[Aside.]*

Luc. I suppose, Sir, you are some conceited young Scribler, who has got the Benefits of a first Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam ? Are my Cloaths so coarse, as if they were spun by those lazy Spinsters the Muses ? Does the Parting of my Fore-top shew so thin,

thin, as if it resembled the two wither'd Tops of *Par-nassus*? Do you see any thing peculiarly whimsical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance strain'd, as if my Head were distorted by a Strangury of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, slovenly, or affectedly careless in my Dress? Do my Hands look like Paper-Moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing Poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence. [*Offers to kiss her Hand.*]

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verses upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the Ear, and exit.*]

Leante entering.

Lean. How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one—[*Spitting.*]——It has made my Jolls rhyme in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be casting his Profession in his Teeth. ——— What! gone!

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg leave to dedicate something ——— If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for fear he Lampoon me. [*Aside.*] —Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read?

[*Catches her, and kisses her three or four times.*]

Lean. Oh Heaven! I can never bear it. I must devise some Means to part 'em. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the Occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first Offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*] — Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc.

Luc. Yes, and therefore both Parties should draw out of the Field. [Going.

Roeb. Not till we make Reprisals. I make Peace with Sword in Hand, Madam; and till you return my Heart which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again. [Catches her.

Enter Leanthé.

Lean. Oh Madam! yonder's poor little Crab, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Window-bars, and is lik'd to be strangled.

[The Dog howls behind the Scenes.

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor Crabby! I must run to the Rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly. —Come, come, Page——Poor Crabby!

[Exit with Leanthé.

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak Crabby!——Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue.——Had Bufs been the first Word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Out-works by this. Impudence in Love is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthé.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Roeb. What, has Monsieur Crabby rubb'd some of the Hairs off his Neck? has he disorder'd his pretty Ears? —She won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir, you must excuse her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk —— Hark'e, Sirrah, I have half a dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the Sun; you shall along with me, and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of Venus, Child. 'Tis time you had lost your Maidenhead, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he shou'd stay, than go there. [Aside.] But why will you keep such Company, Sir?

Roeb.

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell :

*Men of ripe Understanding shou'd always despise
What Babes only practise, and Dotards advise.*

[Exit singing.

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air. — Yet I may reclaim him. His Follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Humour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming would Virtue look in him, whose Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unseemliness of Vice !

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What, is the Gentleman gone ?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was instantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman ! He's one of those conceited Fools, that think no Female can resist their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to consist in blaspheming Heaven and Women — I'll feed his Vanity, but starve his Love.

*And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sex's Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate.*

[Exit.

SCENE *Lyrick's Chamber in Widow Bullfinch's House ; Papers scatter'd about the Table, himself sitting writing in a Night Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written —
Rising.] I gad I shall maul these Topping Fellows. —
Says Mr. Lee,

*Let there be not one Glimps, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juggle in the Dark.*

Says little Lyrick,

*Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blind-man's-buff.*

Very well !

Let Gods meet Gods, and so ——— fall out and cuff.
That's

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as e'er were penn'd. Oh! here comes my damn'd Muse; I am always in the Humour of writing Elegy, after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my House, promis'd me Eighteen-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er receiv'd eighteen Farthings, not the Value of that, Mr. *Lyrick*. [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] You always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play ——— Sir, you shall play no more with me, I'm in earnest.

Lyr. This living on Love is the dearest Lodging — a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has less of one ready Coin than t'other. ——— There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. First, there's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never observe, for you keep the very worst Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactness of Characters ———

Bull. And you have the most scandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Passions, Beauty of Expression, Closeness of Plot, Justness of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Catastrophe.

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my House, eat my Meat, destroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture ——— I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue so ridden? If ever the Muses had a Horse, I am he. ——— Faith, Madam, poor *Pegasus* is jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he shan't slip his Neck out of the Collar, for all that. Money I will have, and Money I must have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

C

Lyr.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookseller is to bring me some twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine presently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick*! Pray what d'ye mean? I'll assure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muses spinning—Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have spun me so fine, that you have almost crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-shanks.

Bull. Why sure—Where was your *Thalia* and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor would have stripped you of your Silk Waistcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Would all your golden Verses have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ransom me, but bought me as a Slave; so, Madam, I'll purchase my Freedom as soon as possible. Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Course, Sir—There were a couple of Gentlemen just now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they shan't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promise you that, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookseller does not bring me Money——

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are some things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick*: But I don't think 'em for my Purpose—Poetry is a mere Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that because I take Phyfick when I write? —Damn this collive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aside.*]

Pam. No, Sir, but your Name does not recommend 'em. One must write himself into a Consumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the way to ly abed when his Name's up. Now I ly abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Lyr.

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Lyr. Because I have scarcely any Cloaths to put on—
If ever Man did Penance in a white Sheet——

Pam. You stand only sometimes in a white Sheet for
your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often
wonder'd how your Muse could take such Flights, yoa'k'd
to such a Cart-load as she is.

Lyr. Oh! they are like the *Irish* Horses, they draw
best by the Tail——Have you ever seen any of my Bur-
lesque, Mr. *Pamphlet*? I have a Project of turning three
or four of our most topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for
Example:

[*Reads.*

*Conquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.*

Now, *Butchers with Rosemary have our Beef adorn'd,
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.*

How d'ye like it, Mr. *Pamphlet*, ha?——Well——

*Like Gods, we pass'd the rugged Alpine Hills,
Melted our Way, and drove our hissing Wheels
Thro' cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.*

}

Now observe, Mr. *Pamphlet*; pray observe.

*Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Passage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.*

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. Hur'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for
the Beef, Mr. *Lyrick*! 'Tis all wondrous fine, indeed.

Lyr. This is the most ingenious Fellow of his Trade
that I have seen; he understands a good thing. — [*Aside.*]
But as to our Bus'ness——What are you willing to give
for these Poems? Priu'hee say something. There are about
three thousand Lines——Here, take 'em for a couple of
Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is so excessive dear, that I dare
not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, because you're a Friend, I'll bestow 'em
upon you.——Here, take 'em all——There's the Hopes
of a Dedication still.

[*Aside.*

Pam. I give you a thousand Thanks, Sir; but I dare
not venture the Hazard; they'll never quit Cost indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greatest Blockheads that ever was Member of a Corporation——How shall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below desire to have the Honour of kissing your Hand.

Lyr. They must be Knaves or Fools, by their fulsome Complement. Hark ye——[*Whispers the Boy.*]——Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. Pamphlet, by no means: We must drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toast. These are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publish'd; they'll be good Customers——Come, sit down——You have not seen my Play yet?——Here, take the Pen, and if you see any thing amiss, correct it; I'll go bring 'em up.——Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I shall take cold going down Stairs.

[*He takes Pamphlet's Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on Pamphlet's Head.*]

Pam. [*Solus*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the Outside, and the Lining Fustian.—[*Reading.*]——This is all Stuff, worse than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1 *Bail.* You're the King's Prisoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. Lyrick. But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the best Scene.——Igad, the Drama is very well laid.

2 *Bail.* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. Lyrick, don't disturb me.——

And furious Lightnings brandish'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

[*Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.*]

1 *Bail.* Gentlemen——I beg your Pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occasion for
Books

Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any Man about *Paul's*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*?

1 *Bail*. These Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand Trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person: I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me? I'm a Bookfeller, no Poet.

2 *Bail*. Ah, Sir, we know what you are. by your Fool's Cap there.

1 *Bail*. Yes, one of you Wits would have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believ'd him. [Hauls him.

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail*. No, no, Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs: He would have us wait till some Friends come in to rescue him. Ah! these Wits are devilish cunning.

[*Exeunt, hawling Pamphlet.*

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, and Club; Lyrick dress'd.

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha — Very Poetical, faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*, a Bookfeller bound in Calves-Leather — Ha, ha, ha. — How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a Shelf!

Mock. What was it? What was it, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Why, I am a Statesman, Sir — I can't but laugh, to think how they'll sponge the Sheet before the *Errata* be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the matter, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a shirking Bookfeller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He would have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arrested him.

Mock. Oh Lard! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honesty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed! — Mr. *Lyrick*,

will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing-master; and now I want only a Friend, to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest Fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game of Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the Set—[*A. side.*] —But my short Acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw! Acquaintance!—You must be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what use would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second. —Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's Prejudice will be thought Malice. Then you must have a devilish deal of Courage, by your heroick Writing —

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heavens! sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy Rout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write, as little as Divines to what they preach—Besides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security. —'Twas the last Word my Father spoke on his Death-bed, that I should never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret. [*They whisper.*]

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joint. —I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some Marks of his Friendship, some sound Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound
for

for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often. [Aside.]

Lyr. Mr. Mockmode, you may be impos'd upon. I would see this Lady you court. I know Mr. Lovewell has a Mistress nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this House, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon! that's very comical—Ha, ha, ha—You shall see, Sir; come—Pray, Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your [They complement for the Door.] Pardon, you're a Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lye, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an Affront from no Man—Draw, Sir. [Draws.]

Club. Draw, Sir. —Igad, I'll put his Nose out of Joint now.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Master's Friend, his Second, or so, Sir.

Lyr. What's the matter, noble Squire?

Mock. You lye again, Sir; Zauns, draw.

[Strikes him with his Sword.]

Lyr. Ha! a Blow! —Effex, a Blow! —yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir.

[Strikes him.]

Lyr. Oh Patience, Heaven! —Thou art my Friend still.

Mock. You lye, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monster.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah—that stings home—Scribler!

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then—

I and the Gods will fight it with ye all.

[Draws.]

Enter Roebuck drunk, and singing.

France ne'er will comply,

Till her Claret runs dry;

Then let's pull away to defeat her:

He hinders the Peace,

Who refuses his Glafs,

And deserves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Myrmidons, fall on ; I have taken off the odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. [Sings.

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight ? Blood, fight, Oblige me so far to fight a little ; I long to see a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I scorn to shew Sport to any Man. [Puts up.

Mock. And so do I, by the Universe.

Club. And I, by the Universe.

Lyr. I shall take another time.

[Exit.

Roeb. Here, Rascal, take your Chopping-knife—
[Gives Club his Sword.] and bring me a Joint of that Coward's Flesh for your Master's Supper—Fly, Dog.

[Takes him by the Nose.

Club. Ah—This Fellow's likeliest to put my Nose out of Joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me how you durst be a Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir ! I'm a Man of a great Estate, Sir ; I have five thousand Acres of good fighting Ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir. —Coward, Sir ! Have a care what you say, Sir—My Father was a Parliament-Man, Sir ; and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. Oh, then I know your Genealogy ; your Father was a senior Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were suckled by *Platonick* Ideas, and you have some of your Mother's Milk in your Nose yet.

Mock. Form the Proposition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you so.—Blow your Nose, Child ; and have a care of dirtying your Philosophical Slabbering-bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir ?

Roeb. Your starch'd Band, set by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir !—This Fellow's blind, drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then set a good Face upon the matter. Throw off Childishness and Folly, with your Hanging-Sleeves. Now you have left the University, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheist, by the Universe. I'll take Notice of him, and inform against him for being drunk — Pray, Sir, what's your Name ?

Roeb.

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot——
Stay, I shall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! Your Memery
must be very short, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems, for I was but christen'd this
Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worship then *Turk* or *Jew* before?
——I knew he was some damn'd bloody Dog. [*Aside.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, since;
for I have got a plaguy heathenish Name——Pox on't——

——Oh! now I have it——*Mo--- Mock----mo --- Mock-*
mode.

Mock. *Mockmode! Mockmode!* Sir, pray how do you
spell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came last from
the Univerfity.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode*.——What Family are
you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*.

Roeb. Then I'm of the fame, I believe——I fancy,
Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families:
my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother Colonel
Peaceable Mockmode.

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very fame Colonel *Peaceable*——
Is he not Colonel of *Militia*?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High Sheriff of the County last
Year?

Mock. The very fame, Sir.

Roeb. The very fame; I'm of that Family——And
your Father dy'd about——let me see——

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the same Token you got drunk at
a Hunting match that very Day seven-night he was bu-
ry'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch——But it looks very
strange that you should be christen'd this Morning. I'm
fure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to answer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to answer for my self.

Mock. One wou'd not think so, you're so forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Years since I was christen'd, and I can remember my Name still.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glas of Wine, and that will clear our Understanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You must excuse me, Sir. — This is some Sharper. [*Afide.*]

Roeb. Nay, prithee Cousin, good Cousin *Mockmode*, one Glas. I know you are an honest Fellow. We must remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Sir, you're so short of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your self, Sir; *Mockmode* is a Heathenish Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And so I beg your Pardon, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by this little Enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I cou'd bring in a false Deed to cheat him of his Estate.

Enter Brush.

Where the Devil is thy Master? You said I should find him here.

Brush. 'Tis impossible for you, or me, or any body to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Brush. Because he has lost himself. The Devil has made a Juggler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Presto*, pass in an instant. He has got some damn'd Bus'ness to day in hand.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems — I must be 'Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Mistress, in the Devil's Name! — Well, let my sober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding fast to the present. — I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilst they last, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune:

She is an honest, giddy, reeling Punk;

My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and so we both are drunk.

[*Exit reeling.*]

A C T



ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's House.

Enter Leanthé, and Pindress following with a Paper of Sweet-meats in her Hand.

PINDRESS.



ERE, here, Page, your Lady has sent you some Sweet-meats; but indeed you sha'n't have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She sent four Sauce, when she made you the Bearer. [*Aside.*]

Pind. Prithee now, what makes you constantly so melancholy? Come, you must be merry, and shall be merry; I'll get you some Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I. — But I would be private, *Pindress.*

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you. Boys and Girls should still be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we please; for my Mistress is reading in her Closet, and all the Servants are below. — But what Concerns have you? I'm sure, such a little Boy can have no great Bus'ness in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once. [*Aside.*] — Yes, Mrs. *Pindress*, I have great Inclination —

Pind. To what? To do what, Sir? — Don't name it: — 'Tis all in vain; — you sha'n't do it; you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiss you. [*Kisses her.*]

Pind. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll none of your Kisses. Take it back again. [*Kisses him.*] Is not the taste of the Sweet-meats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquorish Chaps; you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that. [*Aside.*]

Pind. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kisses you won from me last Night at Cross-purposes; and you sha'n't think to keep my Pawn neither.—Pray give me my *Hungary Bottle*.—As I hope to be sav'd, I will have my *Hungary Bottle*.—[*Rummaging him.*]—I'm stronger than you.—I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.

[*Takes him up in her Arms.*]

Lean. Help! help! I shall be ravish'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the matter? Oh bless me!

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almost spoil'd me. Did not your Ladyship hear me cry I shou'd be ravish'd? I was so weak, I could not resist the little strong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your Ladyship come in——

Luc. What, Sirrah! would you debauch my Maid, you little Cock-Sparrow? must you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room, and I will so chastise him——

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindrefs*? I'll send one of the Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I could manage him with one Hand.——See here, Madam.

[*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*]

Luc. Hold, hold: Is this you that the little strong Rogue had almost ravish'd? he snatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby!——Ah *Pindrefs*, *Pindrefs*! I see y'are very weak indeed.——Are not you ashamed, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyship gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy; and I know no better way than to tease him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubled with the Rickets, and a little shaking, Madam, wou'd do him some good.

Lean.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Bus'ness to mind.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Pind. I hope your Ladyship entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: But I've so good an Opinion of your Sense, as to believe you wou'd not play the Fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all subject to playing the Fool, if you continue your Resolution of marrying the first Man that asks you the Question.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare swear that Resolution breaks sooner than the former. [*Aside.*] Ah, Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you must never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuously, Madam, if Mr. *Love-well* shou'd, with an amorous Whine, and suppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we suspect, wou'd you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Assertions, before the Demonstration of my Senses! No, no; my Love's not so blind. Did not I see his Mifs and his Child? Did not I behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he would settle her in a Lodging?

Pind. But, Madam, upon serious Reflection, where's the great Harm in all this? most Ladies wou'd be overjoy'd at such a Discovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child seem'd a lusty chopping Boy; and let me tell you, Madam, it must be a lusty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains I hate most an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modest, and the Gentlemen that of sober *Love-well*. Now methinks such a piece of Debauchery fits so awkwardly on a person of his Character, that it adds an Unseemliness to the natural Vileness of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.—Stay, is not that he?

[*Pointing out-wards.*]

Pind. Yes, Madam; I believe he is going to the Park.

Luc.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly ; we'll thither masqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue some intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only setting a Face upon the matter. [*Puts her Masque on.*]

*For as Hypocrisy in Men can move,
Here's the best Hypocrite in female Love.
On even scores designing Heaven took care ;
Since Men false Hearts, that we false Faces wear.* [Ex.]

SCENE, The Park.

Enter Lovewell and Lyrick meeting ; Lyrick reading :

*I'll rack thy Reputation, blast thy Fame,
And in strong grinding Satire, gibbet up thy Name.*

Love. What ! in a Rapture, Mr. Lyrick ?

Lyr. A little poetical Fury, that's all. ——— I'll 'Squire him ; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce ; he shall be as famous in Ballad, as *Robin Hood*, or little *John* ; my Muses shall haunt him like *Demons* ; they shall make him more ridiculous than *Don Quixot*.

Love. Because he encounter'd your Windmill-pate ?—— ha, ha, ha !——Come, come, Mr. Lyrick, you must be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir ! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of Sense. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a kicking from him : But an abuse from a Blockhead ! I can never suffer it.

*Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School
Just Sense enough to make a noted Fool.*

That flings, Mr. Lovewell.

Love. Pray, Sir, let me see it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir : But if you please to give your Judgment on this Piece.—[*Gives him a Paper.*] 'Tis a Burlesque on some of our late Writings.

Love,

Love. Ay, you Poets mount first on the Shoulders of your Predecessors, to see farther in making Discoveries; and having once got the upper-hand, you spurn them under foot. I think you should bear a Veneration to their very Ashes.

Lyr. Ay, if most of their Writings had been burnt. I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty. Their great Beauties only illustrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you saw the new Tragedy last Night; how did it please ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Love. What, laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to see the Ladies cry; to see so many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd. On my Conscience, these Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the same white Hankerchief that blows their Noses, must be a Winding Sheet to the deceas'd Hero.

Love. Then there's something in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha.—But what Relish have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No satisfactory one.—My Curiosity is fore-stall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what shall happen: For as the Hero in Tragedy, is either a whining, cringing Fool, that's always a stabbing himself, or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body else: So the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and speculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and shams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Catastrophe of all Tragedies 'is Death, so the End of Comedies is Marriage.

Love. And some think That the most Tragical Conclusion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience, than that upon the Stage.—I have often wonder'd why Men should be fond of seeing

seeing Fools ill represented, when at the same Time and Place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in their Boxes.

Love. Oh be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Interest. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your first Parent the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us sometimes to be a little Atheistical; and 'tis so indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worst Habit, that of Satire. Besides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Esteem, than Rallery, because 'tis still founded upon Jealousy; occasion'd by their preferring senseless Fops and wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Love. Now I think these Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How so, pray Sir?

Love. Because they play the Fool, conscious that it will please; and you're a Wit, when sensible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Sense should turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment, will undertake it.

Lyr. The reason of that is, every one that knows not a Tittle of the Matter, pretends to be a Judge of it. — By the Lord, Mr. *Loverwell*, I put the Criticks next to the Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, in my Litany. — Had you seen 'em last Night in the Pit, with such demure supercilious Faces — their contemplative Wigs thrust judiciously backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chase ill Nature; and with a hissing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Pish! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him! — Lord, have Mercy upon us!

Love. Ay, and you shall have others as foolish as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who shall laugh outrageously at every smutty Jest; cry very well, by Gad; that's fine, by Heavens; and if a Distich

of Rhyme happens, they clap so loud, that they drown the Jest.

Lyr. That's the Jest. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you must gather it from the Palmistry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill said, but what's ill taken; so nothing's well said, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Love-well*, Poetry, without these laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty sounding Bus'ness, good for nothing; and all we Professors might go hang our selves in the Bell-ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha—— But I thought Poetry was instructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you must know, they are too nice to read Sermons; such Instructions are too gross for their refin'd Apprehensions; but any Precepts that may be instill'd by easy Numbers, such as of *Rochester*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonsense, with a *Firstly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: But they take up with some of our modern Plays in their Closet, where the Morality must be devilish instructive. ——— But I must be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him?

Love. That which shall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you must be seemingly reconcil'd to him. ——— Let's step aside, and observe 'em, while I give you a hint of the matter.

[*Exeunt between the Scenes, and seem to confer and hearken.*]

Enter Mockmode, leading Trudge dress'd like a Widow.

Mock. This is very fine Weather, blessed Weather indeed, Madam: 'twill do abundance of good to the Grass and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland*.

Mock.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my first Husband (rest his Soul) say so; he was an *Irish Gentleman*.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your first Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Discourse.
———Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning cost a Yard?

Trud. O Lard! What shall I say now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aside.*] It cost, Sir; let me see——it cost about——but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy such small things.

Mock. By the Universe, she must be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aside.*] Pray, Madam—I—I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* spoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck*! Was that your first Husband's Name, Madam?

Love. behind.] She'll spoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsy, and made me hoarse ever since.

Mock. By the Universe she's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. [*Aside.*] Madam, will you grant me a small Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it? [*Kneels.*]

Trud. What is't, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell enters.

Zoons, her thick Leg will discover all—By your leave, Sir, have you any Pretensions to this Lady?

[*Pushes Mockmode down.*]

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront, or not—
[*Aside.*]——Pretensions, Sir! I have so great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretensions to her.—Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Love. No, Sir.

Mock.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that must be Wit, for it can't be good Manners.—Sir, I respect all Men of Sense, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's *Mock-made*.

Mock. By the Universe, that's very comical! That a Fellow should pretend to tell me my own Name!—Another Question, if you please, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Christen'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, wou'd you persuade me out of my Christen'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Universe ——— [*Pulls a handful of Money out.*] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you must know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only sign of Christianity you can boast of.——And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell*.

Mock. Then I say, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only sign of a *Turk* you can brag of.——I wish *Club* were come. [*Aside.*]

Love. Sir, I shall certainly circumcise you, if you make any farther Pretensions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumcise me! Circumcise a Pudding's end, Sir.——Zauns, Sir, I'll be judg'd by the Lady, who merits Circumcision most, you or I, Sir. These *London Blades* are all stark mad;——[*Lucinda enters, and observes Lovewell courting Trudge in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd persuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that speaks plain to me. I must be Friends with him, because I find I may have Occasion for such a Friend; I'll find him out strait. [*Exit.*]

Love. Madam, will you walk? [*Exit with Trudge.*]

Lucinda and Pindrefs come forward.

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pin.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There must be something in this more than we imagine. You had best to talk to him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poison in it, and that I could spit Death in his Face.

Pin. If he is lost, your hard Usage this Morning has occasion'd it.

Luc. I'm glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loss, I despise him more now than ever I lov'd him. That Passion which can stoop so low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the 'Squire, I fancy; Mr. *Lowerwell's* Disgrace would bring him into Favour presently.

Luc. It certainly shall, if he be not as great a Fool, as t'other's false.

Pin. You may be mistaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lowerwell*.

Luc. No, *Pindress*; I shall find what I read in the last Miscellanies very true :

*But two Distinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.*

SCENE continues.

Enter several Masques crossing the Stage, and Roebuck following.

Roeb. 'Sdeath; What a Coney-borough's here! The Trade goes swimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdness, as the 'Change is of Knavery.—The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here.—I begin to think Whoring scandalous, 'tis grown so mechanical.—My Modesty will do me no good, I fear.—Madam, are you a Whore?

[*Catches a Masque.*

1 Mas. Yes, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Short and Pithy.——If ever Woman spake Truth, I believe thou hast. [*Second Masque pulls him by the Elbow.*]

Have you any Business with me, Madam?

2 Mas. Pray, Sir, be civil; you're mistaken, Sir——
[*I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all the Afternoon.*
Aside.] you're mistaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modest.

2 Mas. So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2 Mas. Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow.——Then I suppose you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadness of your Bottom, I should guess you sat very much behind a Counter.

2 Mas. My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons, a Judge! I shall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat so long.——'Tis very hard, Madam, he shou'd not do you Justice: Has not he an Estate in Tail, Madam?

2 Mas. I seldom examine his Papers: They are a parcel of old dry shrivell'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is so devilish crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph——Then I suppose, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Case to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

Enter Lovewell.

2 Mas. O Heavens forbid! Such a young Man!

Roeb. That is, I'll do nothing without a Bribe——
Pray, Madam, how does that Watch strike?

2 Mas. It never strikes, it only points to the Business, as you must do, without telling Tales. Dare you meet me two Hours hence?

Roeb. Ah, Madam, but I shall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2 Mas. Well, take it.——At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the Middle-Temple. Coke upon Littleton be the Word.

[*Exit.*
Roeb.

Roeb. So——if the Law be all such Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Coke upon Littleton* in Sheets, deliver me.

Love. What engag'd, Myrmidon! I find you'll never quit the Battle, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almost tir'd.

Love. What a miserable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wise Man hates.

Roeb. What, moralizing again! Oh, I'll tell thee News, Man; I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard.

Love. Pshaw.

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, see my Note of Admission. [Shows the Watch.

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. 'Ay, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I design to pay honestly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th' Score.----But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? Is she kind? Ha?

Enter a Masque, crossing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a stately Cruiser; I must give her one Chace——I'll tell you when I return.

[Exit running.

Love. I find he has been at a Loss there, which occasions his Eagerness for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suspicion: I believe her Virtue so sacred, that 'tis a piece of Atheism to distrust its Existence. But Jealousy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is still raising Doubts, which, without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Love. What would you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a small Note for him, Sir.

Love. Let me see't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Love.

Love and a Bottle.

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Love. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bless you, Master.

[Gives him a Letter, and exit.]

Love. This is some tawdry Billet, with a scrawling Adieu at the End on't. These strolling Jades know a young wholesome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parson's Wife does a fat Goose. 'Tis certainly some Secret, and therefore shall be known. [Opens the Letter.]

S I R,

Tuesday, 3 o' Clock.

MY Behaviour towards you this Morning was somewhat strange; but I shall tell you the Cause of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden, the Back-door shall be open. Yours,

LUCINDA.

Oh Heavens! Certainly it can't be! — *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; that spells *Woman*. 'Twas never written so plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as she's a false one. Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee these three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiss of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd the Back-door open. Mr. *Roebuck*, since I have discover'd some of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open some more of 'em—— But how shall I shake him off? —— Oh, I have it; I'll seek him instantly. [Exit.]

Enter Roebuck, meeting the Porter.

Roeb. Here, you Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck*?

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him just now.

Roeb. You ly, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I a'n't positive I gave it to the right Person; but I'm very sure I did, for he answer'd the Description the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now shou'd I cut thy Throat, Rascal.

Por. Bless your Worship, noble Sir.

[Exit.]

Roeb. At Ten in the Garden! The Back-door open! Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breasts, Trembling Joints, Melting Sighs, and eager Embraces! Oh Extasy! —— But how to shake off *Love*well—— This is his nicely virtuous! Ha, ha, ha—— This is his innate Principle of Virtue! Ha, ha, ha.

Enter

Enter Lovewell.

Love. How now! Why so merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog split, Man; Ha, ha, ha. ——— The Watch, Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, sure!

Roeb. Ah, but I shall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer ——— Should I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I shou'd laugh to see how gravely his Goofe Cap sits upon a pair of Horns! Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impertinence. ——— I receiv'd a Note just now.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note? What d'ye mean? Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, Thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't. [*Aside.*]

Love. And you may be signally serviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Testimony of my Affection, than by making so free with you.

Roeb. What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence.

Love. There's more than that, Friend. ——— In the first place, I don't understand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and such a Business might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you must meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I shan't stick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any time, so I may do it fairly, or so— The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening in *Moorfields*.

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ your self the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a distance, lest you have any foul Play.

Roeb. Which if you do——No, faith *Ned*, since I'm to answer an Appointment for you, you must make good an Assignment for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the *Temple* to Night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell

tell you the Hour, and shall be your Passport. Let me have yours.

[Change Watches.

Love. Oh! Was that the Jest? Ha, ha, ha. —

Well, I will answer an Assignment for you sure enough. Ha, ha, ha. — How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut!

[Aside.

Roeb. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have shabb'd him off purely. [Aside.] — But prithee, Ned, where had you this fine Jewel?

[Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.

Love. Pshaw! A Trifle, a Trifle; from a Mistress.

— Take care on't, tho'. But, hark ye, George; don't push too home; have a care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. Gad, I am afraid one or both of us may fall. But, d'ye hear Ned, remember you sent me on this Errand, and are therefore answerable for all Mischief; if I do whip my Adversary thro' the Lungs, or so, remember you set me upon't.

Love. Well, honest George, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courtesy.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my self by serving my Friend — I never thought this Spark was a Coward before.

[Aside.

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was so easy before. [Aside.] Well; good Success to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Transactions that pass.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Ass.

[Exeunt severally, laughing.

Re-enter Lovewell crossing the Stage hastily, Mockmode and Lyrick following him.

Lyr. Mr. Lovewell, a word w'ye.

Love. Let it be short, pray Sir, for my Bus'ness is urgent, and 'tis almost dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the 'Squire, and want only the Presentment of a Copy of Verses to ingratiate myself

D

wholly,

wholly, throughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you just now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, — Here — — farewell. [Exit.

[Pulls the Poem hastily, and jingles out a Letter with it, which Mockmode takes up.

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the way of us Poets) I say, was written at fifteen; but, between you and I, it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty! ——— When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr. At the third Night of his first Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Discretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing, and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who, with their good Will, would never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Universe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's Hand; some Billet-Doux, I suppose; it just'd out of *Lovewell's* Pocket. We'll to the next Light, and read it. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *A dark Arbour in Lucinda's Garden.*

Enter Roebuck solus.

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half shut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lover's Paradise; *Cupid* stood Centry at the Entrance; *Love* was the Word, and he let me pass. — Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Case to manage, ten to one he's non-suited; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I've got in, thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose Influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his Fighting Humour

Love and a Bottle.

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Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by any Enemy, as by a Mistress.

Roeb. Hark, hark ! I hear a Voice ; it must be she
—— *Lucinda !*

Love. True to the touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear ?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Love. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms.

[*Run into each other's Arms ; finding the Mistake, start back.*]

Love. 'Slife ! a Man !

Roeb. 'Sdeath ! a Devil—— And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand thou'd conjure thee down—— [*Draws.*]

Love. We should find whose Charm is strongest. [*Draws.*]
They push by one another ; Roebuck passes out at the opposite Door : And as Lovewell is passing out on the other side of the Stage,

Enter Leanthé.

Lean. Mr. Roebuck ! Sir ! Mr. Roebuck !

[*With a Night-Gown over his Cloaths.*]

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll swear ——
Madam. ——

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda* ; I've staid a little too long ; but making an Apology now, were only lengthning the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments mispent.

Lean. Hold, Sir : Do you love this *Lucinda*, you're so fond of hauling into the Arbour ?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. False, false, *Roebuck !* —— [*Aside.*] —— I am lost.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to so late ?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another ?

Lean. No ; witness all those Powers you just now mention'd.

Love. Revenge your selves, ye Heavens. Behold, in me, your Accuser and your Judge. Behold *Love*, injur'd *Love*. ——— This Darknes, which opportunely hides your Blushes, makes your Shame more monstrous.

Lean. Ha ! *Love* ! I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be mistaken ——— Now, Female Policy, assist me.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty. ——— Farewell, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What, am I made your Scorn ?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha. ——— This happens better than I expected. ——— Ha, ha, ha. ——— Mr. *Love* !

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam ; the Mine's sprung already, and all your Deceit discovered.

Lean. Indeed, you're a fine Fellow at discovering Deceits, I must confess, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this time.

Love. What, the Page !

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir ; the Mine's sprung already. ——— Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at discovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Discovery is the greatest Riddle ——— Prithee, Child, what makes thee disguis'd ? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck* ?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it. ——— Why, Sir, my Lady had a mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Assignment, and sent me in her stead, to banter him. But when I tell her, how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were ——— Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue ! was that the matter ? ——— [*Hugs her.*] O my Conscience, thou'rt so soft, I believe thou'rt a Woman still. But who was that Man I encounter'd just now ?

Lean. A Man ! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck*. ——— [*Aside.*] Some of the Footmen, I suppose. ——— Come, Sir, I must

must conduct you out immediately, lest some more of 'em meet you.

[Conducts him to the Door, and returns.]

He certainly was here, and I have miss'd him.
 Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
 And loves to hoodwink those already blind.
 Wary Deceit can many by-ways tread,
 To shun the Blocks in Virtue's open Road,
 Whilst heedless Innocence still falls on Ruin;
 Yet, whilst by Love inspir'd, I will pursue:
 What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
 Not even his Falshood shall my Claim remove;
 From mutual Fires none can true Passion prove;
 For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

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The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-Chamber in Lucinda's House; the Flat Scene half open, discovers a Bed-Chamber; Lucinda in her Night-Gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck groping his way.

ROEBUCK.

 N what new happy Climate am I thrown?
 This House is Love's Labyrinth; I have
 stumbled into it by Chance.—Ha! an
 Illusion! let me look again.—Eyes, if you
 play me false, [Looking about] I'll pluck ye
 out—'Tis she! 'tis Lucinda! alone, undreis'd, in a Bed-
 chamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock — A
 blessed Opportunity!—Now if her innate Principle of

D 3

Virtue

Virtue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Two-pence.—Hold, she comes forward. —————

[Lucinda approaches reading.]

Luc. Unjust Prerogative of faithless Man,
Abusing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour stood
As Props and Beauties to the Female Cause;
But now lie prostitute to Scorn and Sport.
Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind must bear a second Fall.

Roeb. [*Aside.*] Ah, and a third too, or I'm mistaken. ——— I must divert this plaguy Romantick Hamour.

Luc. While Virtue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were Off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis so still; for [*raising his Voice.*]
Beau with earliest Cherries Miss does grace,
And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!—Protect me Heavens! What art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accursed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Flesh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received,
to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I must not own the Reception of a
Note from her. [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, I know not
whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good
Stars, my Fate, or my Destiny: But here I am, Ma-
dam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away.*] If a Gentleman, my
Commands may cause you to withdraw; if a Russian, my
Footman shall dispose of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to
oblige a Lady, and how to save her Reputation. My
Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my
Principals: and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage
immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour
are burlesqu'd by thy professing 'em. Thy Love is Im-
pudence,

puddence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit shew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beast.

Roeb. Philosophy in Petticoats ! No wonder Women wear the Breeches — [*Aside.*] And, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddes; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine is the Corrupter and Debafer of it. — The Passions of you Libertines, is like your Drunkenness; Heat of Lust, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the same — is my Receipt. — Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to Rest that will disturb our Pleasure; whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars, that directed me hither, wink at what we are about. — 'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and she, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a second Opportunity. — I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love shall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir! — Thou hast Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Question. Whence proceeds it? From a vain thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Virtue? — If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whose Modesty dares not doubt my Virtue; yet have so much Pride to support it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex, at my Feet, should not extort an immodest Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modest as you please, Madam. — You shall be as virtuous to morrow Morning, as e'er a Nun in *Europe*; the Opinion of the World shall proclaim you such, and that's the surest Charter the most rigid Virtue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to see, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiss shall seal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Censure of Women, argues the Meanness of thy Conversation.

Roeb. Her superior Virtue awes me into Coldness. — 'Slife! it can't be Twelve sure. — Night's a Lyar.

[*Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I must fetch those shall conduct you hence. — My Eyes are dazzled sure.

[*Passing by him towards the Door, she perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*

Pray, Sir, let me see that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens she has a mind to't! — Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Virtue by so poor a Thought. — But answer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now shall ask: Whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the Bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Mistress.

Luc. A Trifle, said he? — Oh Indignation! am I slighted thus? — I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve. — If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a virtuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey day! a Wife, said she?

[*Aside.*

Luc. What's your Name, Sir? and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's Roebuck, Madam.

Luc. Roebuck!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I had forgot my Instructions — Mockmode, Madam. — Roebuck Mockmode, my Name, and Sir-name.

Luc. Mockmode, my 'Squire! it can't be: But if it shou'd, I've made the better Exchange. — Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of Mockmode-Hall in Shropshire, Madam: My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the University; I have fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground, as any in England. — 'Twas lucky I met that Block-head to Day.

[*Aside.*

Luc.

Luc. The very fame.——And had you any Discreetions to court a Lady in *London*?

Roeb. Umph!——How should I have found the way hither else, Madam?—What the Devil will this come to? [Aside.

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.——Dreams go by Contraries.——Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Designs are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden till I send for my Chaplain: You must take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm lost for ever. [Exit.

Roeb. I think I am become a very sober *Shropshire* Gentleman in good earnest; I don't start at the Name of the Parson——Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it? Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.——Oh! but there are Children, squawling Children. Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.——Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I shall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reasonable, since all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds should go thither.——But then, there's *Le-anthe*! that sticks. I love her, witness Heaven, I love her to that Degree — Pshaw, I shall whine presently — I love her as well as any Woman; and what can she expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water.——Fortune has decreed it otherwise.——So lead on, blind Guide, I follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into——Matrimony. [Going out, meets *Le-anthe*.] Oh my dear auspicious little *Mercury*! let me kiss thee.——Go, tell thy charming Mistress, I obey her Commands. [Exit.

Enter *Le-anthe*.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I must follow him. [Going.

Luc. Page, Page.

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Lean.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!—
Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd presently.

Lean. Marry'd so suddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do?—Oh, Madam, suspend it till the Morning, for Heav'n's sake. Mr. *Loverwell's* in the House; I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Loverwell* in my House! How came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threatned every body. Pray delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Harbour in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly. [Exit.

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirely won; For I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings
(break.

Discovering who I am, exposes me to Shame.
Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pin. Oh Lord! Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two pence a-piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me.——But stay, let me consider o' th' Business.

Pind. No Consideration; the Bus'ness must be done hand over-head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress*. [Takes her Hand.

Pind. You expect tho' that I should turn up trump?

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. *Aside.*]——Well, *Pindress*, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbour, at the West-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.——Haste.

Pind. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown first?

Lean. No, no, you shall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pind. A Green Gown!——Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make haste, my Spouse, fly.

Pind. And will you come? will you be sure to come?
——O my little Green-Gooseberry, my Teeth water at ye!——

Lean. Now Chance——No, thou'rt blind:

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;

Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night.
[Exit.

SCENE, Bulfinch's House.

Enter Lovewell, Brush and Servant.

Love. Mr. Lyrick abroad, say'st thou! and *Mockmode* with him!

Ser. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Love. I don't understand this.——*Brush*, run to *Lucinda's* Lodgings, and observe what's doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. [Exit *Brush*.]——Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode's* Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. Club, Mr. Club.

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir, but he's asleep, and in Bed.—
Mr. Club, Mr. Club.

Club. Augh——[*Yawning.*] I'm asleep, I'm asleep;
don't wake me———Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters untied, scratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.

Club. Pox o'your London Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh——'Tis a sad thing to be broken of one's Rest this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master!———Augh———

[*Stretching and yawning.*]

Love. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master!——Augh———What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep——Augh———

Love. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or——Where's your Master?

Club. Augh——I had the pleafantest Dream when you call'd me——Augh———I thought my Master's great black Stone horfe had broke loofe among the Mares.——Augh———And fo, Sir, you call'd me——Augh.——And fo I awaken'd.

Love. Sirrah, [*Strikes him*]——Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean. Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Love. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll duft the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's *Love*well, Sir.

Love. What then, Sir?

Club.

Club. Why then my Master is—where you are not, Sir.—My Master's in a fine Lady's Arms, and you are—here, I take it. [*Sbrugging.*]

Love. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Bus'ness, and my Master will do her Bu'siness, I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* Breed, which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves suckl'd on the same Cow—Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory that you would give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Master's over Head and Ears in the *Irisb* Quagmire you would have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Love. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were stepping Stones laid in his way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you.—Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to Night?—Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha.

Love. 'Sdeath, Rascal, What Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the *Park*, and jussled that sweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Master's Hands, Sir, and discover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you are as deep in the Mud, as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune! And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll spit you like a Sparrow.

Club.

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda's* Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth—Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata—Cata—what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.—'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet! I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synalœpha of him: I'll—

Club. He, he, he! —Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow!—He, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. [*Drubs him.*]

Club. Zauns! Murder! Demme! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! [*Runs off, and Lovewell after him.*]

SCENE changes to the Anti-Chamber in *Lucinda's* House; a Hat and a Sword on the Table.

Enter Bruff.

Bruff. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a mousing. Ha! I smell a Rat—a Sword and a Hat!—There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to these, and may be lap'd up in my Lady's Lavender, who knows? [*Listens.*]

Enter Lovewell in a hurry.

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd, trick'd—

Bruff. I believe so too, Sir.—See here!

[*Shows the Hat and Sword.*]

Love. By all my Hopes, *Roebuck's* Hat and Sword! This is Mischief upon Mischief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any Body, secure 'em; I'll search the House.—I'm ruin'd!—Fly—*Roebuck*?—What hoa?—*Roebuck*?—hoa?

Enter Roebuck unbutton'd; runs to Lovewell and embraces him.

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wish me Joy, wish me Joy, my Friend.

Love.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the dearest, tender'st, whitest, softest Bride, that ever blest Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and must fly again to her Embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold Sir; I hope you mock me; tho' that it self's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you! ——— By Heav'n's, No: She's more than Sense can bear, or Tongue express. ——— O *Lucinda*! Should Heaven ———

Love. Hold, Sir, no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleasure, and must confess all.

When her soft melting, white, and yielding Waist,
Within my pressing Arms was folded fast,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kisses,
Whilst in soft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's
Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extrav^a-
gance. ——— By Heav'n I swear you sha'n't marry
her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I swear so too; for I'm marry'd
already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man! ——— Pshaw, that's Non-
sense. A poor Fellow can no sooner get marry'd, than
you imagine he may be call'd a Villain presently. ———
You may call me Fool, a Blockhead, or an Ass, by the
Authority of Custom: But why a Villain, for God's
sake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a Gen-
tleman for me in *Morefields*?

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for me
at the Fountain, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the matter. ——— Draw.

[Throws *Roebuck* his Sword, and draws his own,
Roeb.

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other Business to mind on my Wedding-night. I must in to my Bride.

[*Going.*]

Love. Hold, Sir; move a step, and by Heavens I'll stab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pshaw, I a'n't prepar'd to die; I a'n't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why, you won't be so unconscionable as to kill a Man so suddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if press'd by stinging Taunts, my Passion urge my Arm to act what's foul.

[*Offers to push at him.*]

Roeb. Hold. [*Taking up his Sword.*] 'Tis safest making Peace, they say, with Sword in Hand—— I'll tell thee what, *Ned*; I would not lose this Night's Pleasure for the Honour of fighting and vanquishing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*. Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thrust with you to morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life! —— Then thou art a Coward.

Roeb. You imagined the contrary, when you employ'd me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall? —— Thou'rt base, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend. I love thee: Therefore name not that Word again, for such a Repetition wou'd over-pay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou hast catched it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendship even yet does balance my Passion; but throw in the least Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. [*Pausing*] No, I've thought better; my Reason clears—She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only

only should draw in her Defence, for She's false, a
Prostitute. [Puts up his Sword.

Roeb. A Prostitute! By Heavens, thou ly'st. [Draws.

—Thou hast Blasphemed. Her Virtue answers the
uncorrupted State of Woman; so much above Mo-
desty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd
me of the bright Honour of her Sex, and I stand
Champion now for the fair Female Cause.

Love. Then I have lost what nought on Earth can
pay. Curse on all Doubts, all Jealousies, that destroy
our present Happiness, by mistrusting the future. Thus
Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a
certain Hell———And is she virtuous? Sound
the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me
guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as virtuous as thy Sister.

Love. My Sister!——Ha!———I fear, Sir, your
Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Sister; for her
you courted, and I heard she lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her also;
nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendship tow'rs
———and had my Fate allow'd me time for
Thought, her dear Remembrance might have stopp'd
the Marriage. But since 'tis past, I must own to you,
to her, and all the World, that I cast off all former
Passion, and shall henceforth confine my Love to the
dear Circle of her charming Arms, from which I just
now parted.

Enter Leathe in Woman's loose Apparel.

Lean. I take you at your Word: These are the
Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happiness! *Leathe!*

Love. My Sister! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it shall, it must be so——
For none on Earth cou'd give such Joys, but she——
Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increase?
Love-well, my Friend! This is thy Sister! 'Tis *Le-*
athe! My Mistress, my Bride, my Wife.

Lean. I am your Sister, Sir; as such, I beg you to
pardon the Effect of violent Passion, which has dri-
ven

ven me into some imprudent Actions : But none such as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in suspense, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leante* ; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda* ; I sent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon ; and I———

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Sister and Guardian-Angel ; for thou hast bless'd thy self, and bless thy Brother. *Lucinda* still is safe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May ! She shall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda* ?

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off ; tho' far enough from you, by the Universe.

Lean. You must give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam ! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe, Madam, Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. [*Offers to salute her awkwardly.*]

Love. By your leave, Sir.——— [*Thrusts him back.*]

Roeb. Ah, Cousin *Mockmode* ! —— How do all our Friends in *Shropshire* ? ——

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Cousin, your Crack. But, Gentlemen, by the Assistance of a Poet, your *Sheehy* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda* ; which your Eyes shall testify. Bring in the Jury there.——Guilty, or not Guilty ?

Enter Lyrick and Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck* ! [*Trudge seeing Roebuck, throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.*] And Faith is it you, dear Joy ? And where have you been these seven long Years ?

Mock. Zauns !

Roeb. Hold off, stale Iniquity.———Madam, you'll pardon this ?

[*To Leante.*]

Trud.

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promis'd to marry me, so you did.—Ah, Sir, *Neddy's* a brave Boy, God blefs him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty, or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode*?

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemn'd; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsey?

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye—Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireship.

Love. Now, Sister, my Fears are over.—But where's *Lucinda*? How is she dispos'd of?

Lean. The Fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of imposing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentleman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress's* Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd her self in my Cloaths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, past upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*: My next Business is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Discovery of the Mistakes between both will easily effect. [Exit.]

Roeb. Well, Sir, [To *Lyrick*.] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you so now?) this 'Squire had a mind to personate *Love-well*, to catch *Lucinda*.—So I made *Trudge* to personate *Lucinda*, and snap him in this very Garden.—Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write your *Epithalamium*?

Mock. My *Epithalamium*! my *Epitaph*, Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred Pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. These are hard Times, and Men of Industry must make Money.

Mock.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Universe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling, upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapside*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's Hands.

[*Gives Roebuck the Bill.*

The Executioner shall cut the Rope. [*Goes to the Door, and brings in Bullfinch dress'd like a Parson.*

Here's Revelation for you! [*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon*!

Love. What, Pope *Joan* the Second! Were you the Priest?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Christianity the Poets were Priests.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Would it not do well for a Play?—My Money, Sir— [*To Roebuck.*

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman— [*Gives it to Trudge.*] you have divorce'd her, and must give her a separate Maintenance—There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, *Mr. Lyrick.*

Enter Lucinda, Leathe, and Pindress.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are these can testify the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much such another Person as your Dream represented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my dissembling, since only the Hopes of so great a Purchase could cause it.

Luc. Let my wishing you much Joy and Happiness in your Bride, testify my Reconciliation; and at the Request of your Sister, Mr. *Loverwell*, I pardon your past Jealousies. You threatned me, Mr. *Loverwell*, with an *Irish* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wish it present now, to assist at your Sister's Nuptials.

Lean. At my last going hence, I sent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love. Call 'em in then.

[*An Irish Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dress'd after the Fingallian Fashion.*

Luc.

Luc. I must reward your Sister, Mr. *Loverwell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore settle my Fortune and my self on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Estate in *Ireland* to your Sister, and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviso, Brother, That you forsake your Extravagancies.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always slighted Gold, But most when offer'd as a sordid Bribe. I scorn to be brib'd even to Virtue, But for bright Virtue's sake, I here embrace it.

[Embracing *Leante*.

I have espous'd all Goodness with *Leante*, And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

*Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames
Debauch us first, and softer Love reclaims.
Thus Paradise was lost by Woman's Fall,
But virtuous Woman thus restores it all.*

[Exeunt omnes.]





EPILOGUE.

Written and spoke by Jo. Haynes in Mourning.



Come not here, your Poet's Fate too see,

He and his Play may both be damn'd for me :

No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn for Thee.

And must these Structures then untimely fall,
Whilst th' other House stands, and gets the Devil and all ?
Must still kind Fortune through all Weathers steer 'em ?
And Beauties bloom there, spite of Edax Rerum ?
Vivitur ingenio, that damn'd Motto there,

[Looking up at it.

Seduc'd me first to be a wicked Player.

Hard Times indeed ! Oh Tempora ! Oh Mores !

I know that Stage must down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho'—(Pray now speak)

After all our Services, to let us break ?

You cannot do't, unless the Devil's in ye.

What Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye ?

First, to divert ye with some new French Strowlers ;

We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars.

[Mocking the late Singers.

When their Male-Throats no longer drew your Money,

We got you an Eunuch's Pipe, Signior Rampony.

That Beardless Songster we cou'd ne'er make much on :

The Females found a damn'd Blotch in his 'Scutcheon.

An Italian now we've got, of mighty Fame,

Don Sigismondo Fideli— There's Musick in his Name :

His

EPILOGUE.

*His Voice is like the Musick of the Spheres,
It shou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20 l. a time.
He's a handsome Fellow too, looks brisk and trim :
If he don't take ye, then the Devil take him.
Besides, lest our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've pickt up Gippies now to please, or fright ye.*

*Lastly, to make our House more Courtly shine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Heroes did their Tour design.
To mend their Manners, and coarse English Feeding,
They went to Ireland, to improve their Breeding ;
Yet, for all this, we still are at a loss,
Oh Collier ! Collier ! thou'st frighted away Miss C---s :
She, to return our Foreigners Complaisance,
At Cupid's Call has made a Trip to France.
Love's Fire-Arms here, are since not worth a Sous :
We've lost the only Touch-hole of our House.*

*Losing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow :
Well, if thin Audience must Jo. Haynes undo,
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, O Stage,
Resist the Vows of this obdurate Age,
I'll then grow wiser, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-house for a Boarding-School :
D'ye think the Maids won't be in a sweet Condition,
When they are under Jo. Haynes's grave Tuition ?
They'll have no occasion then, I'm sure, to Play,
They'll have such Comings-in another way.*

F I N I S.



6 NO 63





Arnoldus Vanhaeckken Delin.

Egidius King sculpsit.

THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:
OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee.
A
COMEDY.

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

The *Sixth Edition*; with a New SCENE Added
to the PART of *Wildair*; and a New
PROLOGUE.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

*Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*

Ovid. Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN CLARKE, under the *Royal-Exchange*;
and Sold by W. FEALES at *Rowe's-Head* over-against
St. *Clement's* Church.

MDCCXXXV.



Si



Au
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To the HONOURABLE

Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bar^t.

O. F

Mostyn-Hall in Flintshire.

S I R,



I S no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that.

Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this *Play* to the World,

The DEDICATION.

will also reconcile my Addressees to You, of whom I can say nothing but what your *Merits* may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest *Penegyrick* upon you, S I R, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of Your Character; the Fire of Youth, with the *Sedateness* of a *Senator*, and the *Modern Gaiety* of a fine *English Gentleman*, with the Noble *Solidity* of the Antient *Briton*.

This is the Character, S I R, which all *Men*, but your Self, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated *Pens* than mine should transmit to Posterity.

The *Play* has had some Noble Appearances to honour its *Representation*; and to compleat the *Success*, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately *Frontispiece* is the Beauty of a Building. But here I must transverse *Ovid*:

Materia superabit Opus.

I am, Honourable S I R,

Your most Devoted, and

Humble Servant,

GEO. FARQUHAR.



P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.



N affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursu'd, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the Third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who conferred them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the judicious, so I cannot call this an Ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere every Ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure

Merits

TO the READER.

Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the English are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.

Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest Life to the Play; of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the Actors, and also (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the Theatre-Royal affords an Excellent and Compleat Set of Comedians. Mr. Wilk's Performance has set him so far above Competition in the Part of Wildair, that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee for a Misnomer: I must tell them, That perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Success, I'll talk with the Critics about Decorums, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more Excusable.



PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think so nothing checks their Fury,
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their FURY.

Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.

'Tis all false Fear; for, in a mingl'd Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' Great Wig may take for Wit.

Some Authors Court the Few, the Wise, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the Many;
Who go with much-like Ends to Church and Play,

Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.

The Ladies safe may smile: for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no Lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.

'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France:
But then so far from Beau—why he talks Sense!

Like Coin oft carry'd out, but seldom brought from thence.

There's yet a Gang, to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only Witty, tho', just as he lives, by Fits.

Who Lion-like, through Bayliffs, scours away,

Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day:

At Night, with empty Bowels, Grumbles o'er the PLAY.

And now the Modish Prentice he implores,

Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of—Honourable Whores:

While their good Bulky Mother, pleas'd, sits by,

Barvd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.

Next

PROLOGUE.

*Next, to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who, all your Side-box Tricks, are much above,
And never fail to pays us——with their Love.
Ah Friends! Poor Dorset-Garden House is gone:
Our merry Meetings there are all undone.
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
That strong Dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our Heads;
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear, perhaps, of Rope, will one Day hold him:
At least, I hope, that our Good-natur'd Town,
Will find a Way to pull his Prices down.*

*Well, that's all! Now, Gentlemen, for the PLAY,
On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say;
Such as it is, for your Delight, design'd:
Hear it, Read, Try, Judge, and speak as you find.*



A New PROLOGUE.

*In ANSWER to my very Good Friend, Mr.
Oldmixon; who, having Two PLAYS Damn'd
at the Old House, had a Mind to curry Fa-
vour, to have a Third Damn'd at the New.*

***T**IS hard the Author of this PLAY in view,
Shou'd be Condemn'd, purely for pleasing you:
Charg'd with a Crime, which you his Judges, own
Was only this, that he has Pleas'd the Town.
He touch'd no POET's Verse, nor DOCTOR's Bills;
No Foe to B——re, yet a Friend to Wills.
No Reputation Stabb'd, by sour Debate;
Nor bad a Hand in Bankrupt Brisco's Fate:
And, as an Ease to's Tender Conscience, vows,
He's none of those that Broke the t'other House:-*

PROLOGUE.

In perfect Pity to their Wretched Cheer,
Because his PLAY was Bad——he brought it here.
The dreadful Sin of Murder cries aloud;
And sure those Poets, ne'er can hope for Good,
Who dip'd their Barb'rous Pens in that poor House's
Blood.

'Twas Malice all: No Malice like to Theirs,
To write Good PLAYS, purpose to starve the Players.
To starve by Wit, is still the Poet's due;
But, here are Men, whose Wit, is match'd by few;
Their Wit both starves themselves, and others too.
Our PLAYS are Farce, because our House is Cramm'd;
Their PLAYS all Good; For what?——because they're
Damn'd.

Because we pleasure you, you call us Tools;
And 'cause you please your selves, they call you Fools.
By their Good Nature, they are Wits true Blue;
And, Men of Breeding, by their Respects to you.
To engage the Fair, all other Means being lost,
They fright the Boxes with Old Shakespear's GHOST:
The Ladies of such Spectres should take heed;
For, 'twas the DEVIL did raise the Ghost indeed.
Their Case is hard, that such Despair can show;
They've disoblig'd all Powers Above, they know;
And now must have Recourse to Powers Below.
Let Shakespear then lie still, Ghosts do no good;
The Fair are better pleas'd with Flesh and Blood:
What is't to them, to mind the Antient's Taste?
But, the Poor Folks are Mad, and I'm in Haste.

Runs off.

Mrs. Rogers.
Mrs. Moor.

Honour of Honour.
Honour of Honour.

Conc. Mob. Priests Wife. Servants. &c.

LONDON.

Drammatis

THE



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Harry Wildair</i> , An Airy Gentleman affecting humorous Gaity, and Freedom, in his Behaviour.	} Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Standard</i> , A Disbanded Colonel, Brave and Generous.	} Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Vizard</i> , Outwardly Pious, otherwise a great Debauchee and Villanous.	} Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Smuggler</i> , An old Merchant.	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Clincher</i> , A pert London Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	} Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Clincher</i> , jun. His Brother educated in the Country.	} Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Dicky</i> , His Man.	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Tom. Errand</i> , A Porter.	Mr. <i>Haines</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Lurewell</i> , A Lady of a Jilting Temper proceeding from a Relentment of her Wrongs from Men.	} Mrs. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Lady Darling</i> , An old Lady, Mother to <i>Angelica</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Angelica</i> , A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Parley</i> , Maid to <i>Lurewell</i> .	Mrs. <i>Moor</i> .

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

T H



T H E
CONSTANT COUPLE.

ACT I.

SCENE. *The Park.*

Enter Vizard with a Letter, Servant following.

V I Z A R D.



ANGELICA send it back unopen'd!
say you?

Servant. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these virtuous Women is more unsufferable, than the Immodesty of Prostitutes—After all my Encouragement, to slight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, That imagining your Morals sincere, she gave you Access to her Conversation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her

B

that

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that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrisy, and that she believes your Letter like your self, fair on the out-side, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents——I'll be reveng'd the very first Opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue——An Esteem grafted in old Age is hardly rooted out. Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisy——Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening; her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn. [Exit Servant.]

(*Viz.* pulls out a Book, reads and walks about.)

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his *Meditation* so early; some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! (*aside.*) O Uncle *Smuggler*! to find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Cousin *Vizard*.

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court——I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet, scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctified End of the Town.

Smug.

Smug. A very unsanctified Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-suit, Boy——Shall I tell you?——My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from *St. Sebastian's*, laden with *Portugal Wines*: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm, 'tis *French Wines* in *Spanish Casks*, and has indicted me upon the *Statute*——O Conscience, Conscience! these Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French Wines*, than the War did with the *French Privateers*——Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because——I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regiment, a thousand Men, that look'd like Lions Yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer that gras'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral (*Singing*) I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd ill Nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears——Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?——Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Asteeon*: There are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarters in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within
B 2 these

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these nine Months born with a Leading-staff in his Hand

—Sir, you are—

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say you are—

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all—I see my Lawyer yonder. [Exit.

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country, and away for *Hungary* Tomorrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Soldier stay here! to look like an old Pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no—I met Yesterday a broken Lieutenant; he was ashamed to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at Home—Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a *Man of Honour* and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutchess—I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my ogling—Had I us'd the *Strata-*

gem

gem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy——He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a *Mistress*.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a Thought, from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stoln away at once——To be plain, I have a *Mistress*.

Viz. And she's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune?

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard*! such a Creature!—Hey dey! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park. [Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.] Sir Harry Wildair newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Dost think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the Rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself——Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by

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which he chuses rather to rejoice his Friends, than be hated by any ; as you shall see.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha! *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir Harry!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisy had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cushion long ago——Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. Sir Harry, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town; for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court-end, playing the Fool in spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so *Modish*.

Viz. We are all so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocrisy for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris* agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Mistake; for my *Major* swore a hundred and fifty last Night, to a *Merchant's* Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. Pshaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the *Groom-Porters*? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the Loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors Commons* for *Alimony*? or, What Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart——You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch Ship*; I there had a *Dutch Whore* for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiss-Musket*. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intrigues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am again in *statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the *Tour of Italy*; what brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may, perhaps, carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman!——

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruell*, than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, and I would rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's Toe*.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your *Mistress*, and Sir Harry here has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his: Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes——But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, How shall we be resolv'd? For I know not where my *Mistress* may be found; she left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account——

Stand. How, Sir! Left *Paris* about a Month before you!

Wild. Ay! But I know not where, and perhaps may'nt find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir Harry.

Viz. Ay, ay! Her Name? Perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay,—She has the softest, whitest Hand,

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Hand, that ever was made of Flesh and Blood; her Lips so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir?

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast;—Her Breasts do so heave, so heave. [*Singing*]

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her name I want, Sir?

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard*.

Stand. P'shaw, Sir Harry, her Name, or nothing?

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady——But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a *Miracle*. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. 'SDeath, My *Mistress*. [*Aside.*]

Viz. My *Mistress*, by *Jupiter*. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Canst tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit Stand.*]

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*]

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his *Mistress*! He loves her. But she loves me——But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk on foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*——That very Circumstance has murder'd me——Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of Humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. S'life that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case. *Viz.*

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! P'shaw, but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! S'life Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther [*Aside.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you so admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her, that's true—but then I love honest Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming—right—but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex-Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*! 'Twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay! But on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her—but no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty *Mistress* by the by, till I can find my own? You have store I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer Game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little——Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. [*Aside.*]

[*Pauses, whilst Sir Harry walks Singing.*]

Wild. P'shaw! Thou'rt as long a studying for a new *Mistress*, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you, and wholesome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! Say'ft thou, dear *Vizard*?

Viz. A Girl of sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild.

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Wild. Ay, ay! But her Name, *Vizard*?

Viz. Her Name! Yes——she has the softest whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Wild. Well, well! But where shall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her——But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*: She dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then! You must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*: She goes for a *Baronet's* Lady (no Disparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. P'shaw, hang my Honour; But what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*; you must have my Passport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation, in a Line or two, will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose twenty or thirty Pieces, handsomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll ensure her Sound.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity——Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk a-cross the Park. [To his Servant.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk a-cross the Park too——Mr. *Vizard*, your most devoted——Sir, [to *Wildair*.] I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most ornamentally *Modish*, and bears a *Foreign Mein*. Gentlemen, my Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of,

of, Gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful
humble Servant.

Wild. Prithee, dost know him?

Viz. Know him! Why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Ap-
prentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the
City.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why, he's in Mourning for his Father; the kind
old Man in *Hertfordshire* t'other Day broke his Neck a
Fox-Hunting; the Son, upon the News, has broke his
Indentures, whipp'd from behind the Counter into the
Side-Box, forswears Merchandize, where he must live by
Cheating; and usurps Gentility, where he may die by
Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of*
Geldings, *Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines,
Intrigues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the *Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! How many Pound of Pulvil must
the Fellow use in sweetning himself from the Smell of
Hops and Tobacco. Faugh—I'my Conscience me-
thought like *Olivia's* Lover he stunk of *Thames-Street*.
But now for *Angelica*, 'That's her Name: we'll to the
Princess's Chocolate-House, where you shall write my
Passport. Aloons.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell, and her Maid Parly.

Lurewell. **P**Arly, my Pocket-Book—let me see—*Ma-*
drid, Venice, Paris, London—Ah, *London!*
They may talk what they will of the hot Countries, but
I find Love most fruitful under this Climate—In a
Month's space have I gain'd—let me see, *Imprimis,*
Colonel Standard.

Parly.

Parly. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd; he shall serve me till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, *Madam.*

Lure. Therefore I scorn him; I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do: Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me, thus would I slight them all. My virgin and unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithless Man; but now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face, lie Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and damn the treacherous Kind——Let me survey my Captives——The *Colonel* leads the Van. Next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me out of the *Practice of Piety*, therefore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher* he adores me with *Orangery*, and is consequently a Fool: Then my old *Merchant*, Alderman *Smuggler*, he is a Compound of both——Out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diverfion——What d'ye think, *Parly.*

Par. I think, *Madam*, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service, if you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; observe this, that tho' a Woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, back-bite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still Virtuous, that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', *Madam*, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I could never make him uneasy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no sooner talk of Killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a *Mistress* too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the harder ; for in War, *Madam*, we can be reliev'd in our Duty : But, in Love, who wou'd take our Post is our Enemy : Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Success in the Bed-chamber ; and, I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we shou'd make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, *Madam*, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries, through a Title to your Lovely Person ; but now my Love must attend my Fortune. This Commission, *Madam*, was my Passport to the Fair ; adding a Nobleness to my Passion, it stamp'd a Value on my Love ; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Hearse ; and, with it, must my Love be bury'd.

Parl. What ! Disbanded, Colonel ?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Parl. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already. *[Aside.]*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my Designs. *[Aside.]*

Stand. I'll chuse, *Madam*, rather to destroy my Passion by Absence Abroad, than have it starv'd at Home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Mistake, here I vow, by all that's sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, *Madam*, no ; I'll never be a Charge to her I love : The Man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I could love him. [*Aside.*]

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; so farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion else. Now for a Trial of Skill. [*Re-enter Colonel.*] Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity; When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To-morrow Morning, early, *Madam*.

Lure. So suddenly! which way are you designed to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me; pray Sir, I intreat you; why are you obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, *Madam*?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I,——

Stand. Because! What, *Madam*?——Pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design——to follow you. [*Crying.*]

Stand. Follow me! by all that's great! I ne'er was proud before; but Love from such a Creature might swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince. Follow me! By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the Hazards of a Camp——Rather I'll stay, and here bear the Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. We need not, shall not; my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! no, I'll turn a Knave, and purchase one my self! I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I would bite to Death: I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker,

nay

may Coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee,
my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any Thing
but I'll reward thy Love, and recompense thy noble
Passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, Ha, ha, ha, Poor Sir Harry; Ha,
ha, ha, Rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's* Toe. Ha,
ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir Harry? Colonel, What Sir Harry?

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam——

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe
a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his *Mistress*, and pretending
to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly
insinuate the Praise of his own Judgment and good For-
tune in a Choice——

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by
our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience, I believe so. This Gen-
tleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a
Partner at a Ball at *Paris*, and ever since he has so per-
secuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading,
Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly
the Kingdom——And I warrant you he made you
Jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll send
him back all his foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and
you your self shall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Oppor-
tunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther
Impertinence; for of all Men, he's my Averfion. I'll
run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project. How shall I
bait

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bait him, like *Acteon* with his own Dogs——Well, Mrs. *Parly*, 'tis order'd by *Act* of *Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parly*——

Parl. 'Tis provided, by the same *Act*, that you send no more *Messages* by me, good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be mercenary, take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Parl. Alack a day, Sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't: and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour should be cashier'd with your Leading-Staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chamber-maids.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Colonel, the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Give him the Packet.*]

Stand. Which, since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy. *Madam*, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*: Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit.*]

Lure. To the Right about, as you were: March, Colonel. Ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles;
Nature, in us, your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellectuals you trace;
Woman, without Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

A C T



ACT II.

SCENE Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

CLINCHER—Reads,

Dear Brother ;



Will see you presently. I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town. I am your affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well ; and what's your Name, Sir ?

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. *Dicky* !

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir,

Clin. Very well ; a pretty Name And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky* ?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord ! O Lord ! a Whore ! Why are there many Whores in this Town ?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores ! there's a Question, indeed ; why, Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town—Harkee, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and Red Knot ?

Clin. Ay, Sir ; What then ?

30 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to *London*.

Clin. jun. I thought Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool; I wear this because I have the Estate, and you wear that, because you have not the Estate. You have Cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad to see you, fare you well.

[*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, Brother; where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Harkee, Sir; Is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No Matter for that, he is dead. And am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee!* What's that?

Clin. sen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is—Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the same Thing with our *Lord-Mayor's-Day* in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibbs*, and *Rary-Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study *Poetry*.

Clin. jun. Then, I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions. Don't you, Brother?

Clin.

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon*! Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a Spight at me——But, have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother, the *Lady Darling*?

Clin. jun. No: My Dancing-Master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. P'shaw, that's easy; 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kifs, and Your humble Servant: I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE *Lady Darling's HOUSE.*

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. **L**IKE *Light and Heat incorporate we lay;*
We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game——*Humpb!* the prittiest *Bordel* I have seen; a very stately genteel one (*Footmen cross the Stage.*) Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*——s'Death, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter Lady Darling.

No; this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl.

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Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. Hoes does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procurefs.

Darl. Reads,

Madam——

*E*Arnest Inclination to serve——
Sir Harry —— Madam ——
Court my Cousin —— Gentleman
—— Fortune —— Your Lady-
ship's most Humble Servant,

Vizard.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where, but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober a young Gentleman as my Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A Right *sanctify'd Bawd* on my Word.

Darl. Sir Harry, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter.

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious *Bawd* of *Babylon* —— She dresses up a Sir so religiously, that the Devil would hardly know it of his Making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [Exit.]

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'sDeath, What Money have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas——and, by *Jupiter*, she's worth a hundred.

Angel.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very same! And his Person agreeable as his Character, of good Humour——Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks? How wou'd that Modesty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming?—By Heav'n, there is such a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam——I, I——Zoons, I cannot speak to her——But she's a Whore, and I will——Madam, in short, I, I,——O Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy! What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to secure my Conquest—I thought, Sir, you had Business to impart.

Wild. Business to impart! How nicely she words it! Yes, Madam, don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover—Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones? What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are twenty young ones——S'lfe, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad sure——Sir Harry, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here again. [Exit.

Wild. Wit and Manners!——I Gad, now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas——I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter Clincher junior, and Dicky.

What the Devil's here? another Cousin I warrant ye! Harkee, Sir, Can you lend me ten or twenty Guineas instantly,

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instantly, I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London Sparks* are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I have not above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Business have you here then, Sir? For, to my Knowledge, twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! for what, Sir?

Wild. What, Sir? Why, for that, Sir; What the Devil should it be, Sir? I know your Business, notwithstanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live there, and *Vizard's* Cousin, and my Cousin, and every Body's Cousin.—Harkee, Sir, I shall return immediately, and if you offer to Touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal. [Exit.]

Clin. Why the Man's mad sure?

Dick. Mad, Sir? Ay, he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! What's that? Are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir! But most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin; remember your Three Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant.

[Exeunt, as into the House.]



SCENE



S C E N E. *The Street.*

Enter Wildair; Colonel following.

Stand. S I R Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in haste, Colonel: Besides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man Sir Harry, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir Harry?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against wenching. A Man of eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no; Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his Back, and so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress.

Wild. Why then wou'd I get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love; that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists the Obligation's void.

Stand.

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Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. P'shaw that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why 'twere a Solecism in Nature; we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a Couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash your Hopes to Pieces—I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers. [*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no; 'tis a List of your Forces in your last 'Love-Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good metaphorical Colonel, What d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; these are the *Sybil's* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed, to cheat me of my Estate, what care I——[*opening the Packet*] *Humph!* my hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*——What Devil hast thou been tampering with to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [*Reading*]——*Madam*, my Passion——so natural——your Beauty contending——Force of Charms——Mankind——Eternal Admirer *Wildair!* I never was ashamed of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour? Ha, ha,

ha, ha, poor Sir Harry; more Glory in her Smile, than in the Jubilee at Rome, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir Harry, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha; Fy, Sir Harry, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! what say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? Ha, ha, ha; you may go seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. Sings——Let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some Tune, Sir, blown up with false Musick, that's all.

Wild. Now why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too: I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name——Stay——S'death, What's here? This is her Hand——Oh the charming Character! My dear Wildair, [*reading*] *That's I*——this huff bluff Colonel——*that's he*——is the rarest Fool in Nature——*the Devil be is!* And as such have I us'd him——*with all my heart, faith*——I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in *Pall-Mall*, near the Holy Lamb——Colonel, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet; I ha'nt deliver'd half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it; I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad; Ha, ha, ha.

[*Laugh and point at one another.*]

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart; Ha, ha. Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir Harry.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by Jupiter.

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't:——But to be

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serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there——I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I am glad on't, Sir; for there were some Things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake; and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [Exit.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel!——O the Delight of an ingenious *Mistress*! What a Life and Briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain Mistress*, who, *presto, pass*, and she vanish'd; then *Hey*, in an instant, in your Arms again. [Going.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; What News from the Island of *Love*?

Wild. Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Cart; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! Curs'd Misfortune! another! [Aside.

Wild. But the civilest in the World; he brought me Word where my *Mistress* lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! Have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no; I'll think of her some other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

*That Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloy.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.* [Exit.

Viz.

Viz. solus—The Colonel my Rival too! How shall I manage? There is but one way——him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, Why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave? [Exit.



SCENE *Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. **H**AS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Parl. No, Madam: He met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd; that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same Time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant: Have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea Abroad, and maintaining our Wives at Home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your Turn; I must have Money, Sir—I hope you don't design to cheat me.

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Smug. Cheat you, Madam, I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear Witness, *Parly!* I shall trap him in more Lies presently——Come, Sir, tho' I'm a Woman, I can take a Course.

Smug. What Course, Madam, You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! He, he, he: Why I'm a *religious Man*, Madam, I have been very instrumental in the *Reformation of Manners*. Ruin my Credit! Ah, poor Woman: There is but one way, *Madam*——You have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the *Reformation!* How?

Smug. *I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish,*——Ah that leering Eye! *Then I voted for pulling down the Play-House*——Ah that Ogle, that Ogle!——*Then my own pious Example*——Ah that Lip, that Lip.

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now!——As I hope to be fav'd, I have a good Mind to beat the old Monster.

Smug. *Madam*, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas (a great deal of Money, as Times go) and——

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah, that Hand, that Hand; that pretty soft, white——I have brought it, you see: But the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that——you understand me, you understand, I'm sure you do; you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't

won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd—Upon my Word, Mr. Alderman, you make me Blush; What d'ye mean, pray?

Smugg. See here, Madam, [*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth*] burs and Guinea, burs and Guinea, burs and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smugg. Will you, indeed? He, he, he, my little Coquet; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to secure both our Honours, you must therefore be disguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smugg. Pshaw! No Matter, I'm an old Fornicator, I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm disguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all Outside and Hypocrisy.

Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smugg. I, gad so, cod so—I have a Suit a Purpose, my little Coquet, I love to be disguis'd; I cod I make a very handsome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are some Stangers coming up.

Smugg. Burs and Guinea first, ah my little Coquet.

[*Exit*]

Enter Wildair.

Wild. My Life, my Soul, my all that Heav'n can give.

Lure. Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to live.

D 3

Welcome,

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry, I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming Manner; thou dear *Matchiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The Sight of you, *Madam*, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir Harry, How do you like France?

Wild. *Ab! est le plus beau pais du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. *Madam, Vous Voyez qui je vous suy partout.*

Lure. O Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligee—But where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, *Madam*.

Lure. And where my Count *Le Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Nostre-Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he die of?

Wild. A Duel, *Madam*, I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. *En Cavalier*, my dear Knight-Errant, well; And how? And how? What Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that Question, *Madam*, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir Harry, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to Death here by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender tho'.

Lure. No, no; but was forc'd to capitulate: But since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild.

Wild. And love, and kiss——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attande, Attande en peu*——I remember, Sir Harry, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Question again.

Wild. P'shaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *Le Marriage est une Grande male*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! why, Madam, I never had any Business in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry, that a Gentleman of your Figure, should undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old Smuggler!

Lure. Ay, ay: you know him, I find.

Wild. I have no less than Reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business then, to acquit your self publicly, for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publicly!——Here, Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he shall run the Gantlet through a thousand brusht Beavers, and formal Cravats.

Lure.

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Lure. Why he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher; here, Mrs. Parly, shew me the Gentleman. *[Exit with Parly.]*

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Solicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot again. *[Exit.]*



SCENE *Changes to another Room in the*
same HOUSE.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O This damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, which

which you may oblige me infinitely by ——— I am very sorry that I'm forc'd to be troublesome; but Necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, Necessity——But upon my Word, Sir, I'm very short of Money at present; but——

Wild. That's not the Matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Business is, I'm reduc'd to an indispensable Necessity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir Harry! Ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player; Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you must beat me, or I'll cudgel you; take your Choice.

Smug. P'shaw, p'shaw, you Jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as sure as Fate; so, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity.

Smug. Curiosity! Duce take your Curiosity, Sir; What d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all: I'm but in Jest, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any Thing in Jest; but a Man might imagine by the Smartness of the Stroke, that you were in downright Earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir, (*strikes him*) not in the least, indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jest, for they are the bluntest Jest, that I ever knew.

Wild. (*strikes*) I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir; well Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but seriously now, if you pass any more of your Jest upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permission to break one or two more.

[*striking him.*]

Smug.

46 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones : Are you Mad, Sir ? Murder, Felony, Manslaughter.

[*Wild. knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons ; but I am absolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir ; nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving obliging Friend, the *Alderman*.

[*Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor ; Lurewell enters, takes it up.*

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book, this may be of use. [*Aside.*] O Lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old Man——

Smug. O dear Madam, I was beaten in Jest, 'till I am murder'd in good Earnest.

Lure. Well, well ! I'll bring you off *Senior : Frapex, Frapex.*

Smug. O for Charity's sake, Madam, Rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man ! Hold, hold, *Frapex plus rudement : Frapex.* I wonder you are not affham'd, [*Holding Wild.*] A poor reverend honest Elder—— [*Helps Smug. up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man ! Now the Devil take you, Sir Harry——for not beating him harder. Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night, and I'll make you amends.

Smug. I will have Amends before I leave the Place : Sir : How durst you use me thus ?

Wild. Sir ? [*Here Sir Harry takes Snuff.*

Smug. Sir, I say, I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. [*Throws Snuff in his Eyes.*

Smug. O Murder, Blindness, Fire : O Madam, Madam, get me some Water. Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

[*Exit with Lurewell.*

Wild.

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without
Passion ? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Statesmen Plot, and under Business groan ;
And settling Publick Quiet, lose their own.
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame ;
For, when they're Shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense.
And, mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence ;
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense ;
Their Summum Bonum they must toil to gain ;
And, seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend ;
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my Time destroy.
Life's but a Span ; I'll ev'ry Inch enjoy.*

[Exit.]



ACT



A C T. III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard and Vizard.

S T A N D A R D.



Bring him Word where she lodg'd! I the
civillest Rival in the World! 'tis impossi-
ble.

Viz. I shall urge it no further, Sir; I
only thought, Sir, that my Character in
the World might add Authority to my Words, without
so many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear *Vizard* — Our Belief strug-
gles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the Dis-
advantage of what we love; 'tis so great an Abuse to
our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice
our own Failing. But what said Sir *Harry*?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd
heartily, flew away with all the Raptures of a Bride-
groom, repeating these Lines:

*A Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloy.*

Stand. *A Mistress ne'er can pall!* By all my Wrongs
he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Venge-
ance!

ance! *Vizard*, you must carry a Note from me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What a Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight.

Stand. What! wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'twere an Abuse to His Sacred Majesty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, shou'd start of it self to redress its Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here. What shall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter that plies at the *Blue Posts*, who knows Sir Harry and his Haunts very well; you may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you Friend.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave, I would advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, say I.

[Exit.]

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*!

Err. People call me so, an't like your Worship—

Stand. D'ye know Sir Harry Wildair?

Err. Ay, very well, Sir! He's one of my Masters; many a round Half Crown have I had of his Worship: He's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next *Coffee-House*, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles? and how accurst, when all these Smiles are found but wanton Baits, to sooth us to Destruction?

E

Thus

50 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

*Thus our chief Joys, with base Allays, are curst.
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst.* [Exit.

Enter Wildair, and Clincher Senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I would impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Business of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray Sir, Are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*.

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because, I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir. I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir—I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clin. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-Boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, Faith—Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-Boards; I Gad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange Things Abroad, very incredible Things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very same Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. sen. A Case of Pocket-Pistols for the Bravo's—and a Swimming-Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you—Suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes I to some Ball—for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know—then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seignior Angle, Seignior Angle*—she's a very fine Lady, observe that—*Seignior Angle*, says she,—*Seigniora*, says

says I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, suppose it *Russel-Street* here, or any other Street; then you know I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less—There up comes a Bravo; the *Italian* grows saucy, and I give him an *English* Douze of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir,—but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog*—claps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Russel-Street* again, and whips me into the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm as safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. sen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I design to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a devilish Throng of People there; they say, that all the Princes of *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe*—But the Use of your Swimming-Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, that's easy. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busy at their Prayers, I whip on my Swimming-Girdle, clap a Month's Provision into my Pockets, and sail me away, like an Egg in a Duck's Belly—And heark'ee, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my Swimming-Girdle shall carry me upon this Occasion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and to save the Charges of my Passage! Well, Sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress.

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes Abroad. Well; this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit.

S C E N E *Lady Darling's House.**Angelica solus.*

Ang. **U**Nhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet——'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction shou'd be so much indulg'd, yet Sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Conversation.

*Enter Darling, Clincher jun. and Dicky.**Darl.* This is my Daughter, Cousin.*Dick.* Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.*Clin. Saluting Ang.]* One, Two, Three, [*Kisses her.*] Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*?*Dick.* Ay, Faith, Sir, but why don't you speak to her?*Clin. jun.* I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*. I know my Distance; wou'd you have me speak to a Lady at the first Sight.*Dick.* Ay, Sir, by all Means; the first Aim is the surest.*Clin. jun.* Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily——By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiss.[*Goes towards her.*]*Enter Wildair, interposing.**Wila.* 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do——You may march, Sir: for as far as five hundred Pounds will go I'll out-bid you.*Clin.*

Clin. jun. What the Devil! the Madman's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House?

Clin. jun. Quality! Why, *Madam*! I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.—They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

Exit Darl. leading Clin. Dick follows.

Ang. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last Time, I would advise you to make it as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, *Madam*, bore their Punishment in the Commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be 'till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology: If you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must be the Lips that guard that Tongue! then, *Madam*, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this seal my Pardon. [*Kisses her Hand.*] And this [*again*] initiate me to farther Happiness.

Ang. Hold, Sir,—one Question, Sir *Harry*; and pray answer me plainly, D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire ascend? Do Hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Ang. This shews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, *Madam*, then judge my Passion; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

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Ang. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raise an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay then—I seize——

Ang. Hold, Sir; 'tis also possible, to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, *Madam*, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are becoming.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger shou'd be real or disssembled; think what strict *Modesty* shou'd bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict *Modesty* should bear! Why, Faith, *Madam*, I believe the strictest *Modesty* may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Ang. What d'mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, What do you mean if you go to that? I think now, fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your strict *Modesty*, as you call it.

Ang. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his defect in Understanding, than on his want of *Manners*—I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, *Madam*, you're enough to make any Man mad. S'death, Are not you a——

Ang. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of——strict *Modesty*, if you will have it so.

Ang. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all.

[*Exit.*

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict *Modesty*, is the Reason why those of Quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah, Sir *Harry*, Have I caught you? Well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'tis a shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so saucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and she was in her *Airs* presently. I cou'd have two Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her *Airs*, say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpose. You a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her *Airs*, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly most Women magnify their Modesty, for the same Reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Assault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot——Coll. *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; D'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to see him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [*Aside.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*.

[*Exit.*

Viz. No fair Play, I can assure you.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E



SCENE *the Street before Lurewell's Lodgings;
Clinch. Sen. and Lurewell Coqueting in the Bal-
cony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. **H**OW weak is Reason in Disputes of Love?
That daring Reason which so oft pretends
to question Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly
truckles to our weakest Passions, and yields implicit
Faith to foolish Love, paying blind Zeal to faithless
Woman's Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such
pressing Proofs, that I no longer shou'd distrust it. Yet
still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make
Impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! that
Fool too! What! stoop so low as that Animal——'Tis
true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Despair, will
stick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions:
They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends.
But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before
her Face, call her a Whore, Curse the whole Sex, and
so leave her. [*Goes in.*]

*Lurewell comes down with Clincher. The Scene changes
to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will be-
come of you?

Clin. Eh; your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd:
What shall I do? where shall I run? I'll creep into an
Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;
——I wish to the Lord I were at the Jubilee now——

Lure.

Lure. Can't you think of any Thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Erra. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I saw him come here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly: Strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you half a Crown, Come here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*]

Lure. Now slip you, [*to Clinch.*] down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [*to the Porter*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand into the next Room.*]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick.

Stand. O, Madam! all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail; I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair's* Company, when I sent this Letter back by you: Yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship.

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lie is as scandalous to a Red-Coat, as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; one look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lie in your Pericranium.

Lure.

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Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't.
[*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-House Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me——a fo——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark Mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be so deluded? Nay, Madam, my Nose cou'd not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop, by his Pulvilio, from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair's* Footman, with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. S'death, Madam, What is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no; you cou'd not see him: You're dreaming *Colonel*: Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open?——Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?——Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do!——but don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart.——Be gone, Sir, [*to the Porter*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him, I shall

shall never be at Leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits——Send to me to know when I shou'd be at Home!——Be gone, Sir:——I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [Weeps.

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspensions; but 'tis an ungrateful Return. [Weeping.

Stand. Now where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousy; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding Faults, as in excusing them?——I hope, *Madam*, you'll pardon me, since Jealousy, that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent Way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir; cherish your Suspensions, and feed upon your Jealousy: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

*With Men all Women shou'd this Rule pursue;
Who thinks us false, shou'd never find us true.*

[Exit in a Rage.

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well! Intriguing is the prettiest pleasantest Thing for a Man of my Parts:——How shall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone?——How sillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already,——to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman. [Aside.

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge——O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by:——Well, Sir, Have you found him?

Clinch.

Clinch. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; Have you seen him?

Clinch. O Lord, What shall I say now? Seen him! Yes Sir——No Sir——I have Sir; I have not Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [*Strikes him.*]

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold,——I did give him the Note,

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean, Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal? [*Strikes him again.*]

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold; he did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why truly, Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this Month, Rascal. [*Beats him off, and Exit.*]

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. *Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon*; this is better than I expected: but Fortune still helps the industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, say I, and him who first invented Canes:——That curs'd Colonel has got such a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

a Trip to the JUBILEE. 61

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent again, may I be forced to run the Gauntlet:——But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Parl. No? He went out at the Back-door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you! And with my Cloaths? My Fine Jubilee Cloaths? O, the Rogue, the Thief!—I'll have him hang'd for Murder:——But how shall I get home in this Pickle?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I must sneak off! Was ever Man so managed, to have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat too? [Exit.

Lure. Thus the noble Poet spoke Truth:

*Nothing suits worse with Vice, than want of Sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.*

Parl. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have suffered by Men must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex.

Lure. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; They robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels: But destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Parl. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man shou'd rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling:——'Tis a Subject that always fours my Temper; but since by thy faithful Service I have some Reason to confide in your Secrefy: Hear the strange Relation——Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's Houfe in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are——Villains. Then it happen'd, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his Houfe.

Parl. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! These strolling Collegians are never Abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appeared by their not naming one another; which, my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs: Two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of disagreeable scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour: But the Third!

Parl. Ay! The Third, Madam,——the Third of all Things they say is very critical.

Lure. He was——but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing;——he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a grace

graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to Ruin : His very Looks were witty, and his expressive Eyes softer, prettier Things than Words cou'd frame.

Parl. There will be Mischief by and by ; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night ; rose in the Morning, and made Verses ; so fell desperately in Love——my Father was so pleas'd with his Conversation, that he begg'd their Company next Day ; they consented, and next night, *Parly*——

Parl. Ay, next Night, Madam,——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty ; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour——she admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd——and conquer'd.

[Weeps.]

Parl. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen!

[Weeps.]

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from Oxford in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Parl. The old Bait! The old Bait——I was cheated just so my self. [*Afide.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! What Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joyning Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring, with this Motto, *Love and Honour* ; then we parted ; but I never saw the Dear Deceiver more.

Parl. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me sole Heirefs and Executrix to three thousand Pounds a Year; at last my Love for this single Dissembler, turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex, and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in most Courts of *Europe*, I have done some Execution: Here I will play my last Scene; then retire to my Country-House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler?

Lure. Most certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in View; and makes my Resentments work——We shall have that old impotent Lecher *Smuggler* here to Night: I have a Plot to swinge him, and his precise Nephew *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every Body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*; Those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss'd, by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I suppose his Designs are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases: I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfy'd: But he's a Man still.——When I once try'd his Pulse about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's: He swore indeed that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasy

to

to me——But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough :
——Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Re-
venge ;——But this Bus and Guinea I must maul
once more : I'll hanfel his Woman's Cloaths for
him. Go, get me Pen and Ink ; I must write to
Vizard too.

*Fortune, this once assist me, as before,
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain,*

The End of the Thir'd A C T.





ACT IV.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair and Standard Meeting.

STANDARD.



Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e're this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without C  remony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir; I like your facetious Humour well enough: It shews Courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you I will draw: but the Devil take me if I fight—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, dost think that I am such a Madman as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms, upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir; I have eight thousand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, for the same Reason that I wore a Red-Coat, because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; He was a Beau, like my self: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; and I think it downright Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods if you don't shew your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there again now.. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one jot more to my Gentility. But pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you, What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first: You know I dare fight, but I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement—

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword

in

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in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard——But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction——We must fly this Place, else that cluster of Mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's Wife hurrying in Clincher Senior in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy*. [*Crying.*]

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*:—Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Wife. Ah, you Cut-Throat! Have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?——Neighbours, Don't you know poor *Timothy's* Coat and Apron?

Mob. Ay, ay! 'Tis the same!

First Mob. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames*.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming-Girdle* now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O! Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const.

Const. Murder and Robbery ! Then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he must not be abus'd.—
Give an Account of your self: Are you a Gentleman !

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm persuaded.
How came you by these Cloaths, Sir ?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir ; I can't tell where, Sir ; and—
so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well, the Man speaks Reason, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman, and don't disturb the Court,
—Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths ?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his ; so I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.

Const. Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty :
Search him ; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.*]

Clin. O Gemini ! My Jubilee Pistols.

Const. What, a Case of Pistols ? Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir ? whence come you, and whither go you ?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-Street*, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate* strait.

Clin. I shall go to the Jubilee now indeed. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In short, Colonel, 'tis all Nonsense ; Fight for a Woman ! Hard by is the Lady's House ; if you please, we'll wait on her together : You shall draw your Sword .

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I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid's* Dart:— You shall look big; I'll ogle:—You shall swear; I'll sigh:—You shall *sa sa*, and I'll *conge*; And if she flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there again you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfy'd she imposes on us all: And *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery:—But will you be convinc'd if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild.

Wild. Yes, Faith,——I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love, by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Clincher Junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country again: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead, than see him thus.

Dick. Ah, Sir; He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd sure.

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher Senior's Cloaths.

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure.

[*Aside.*]

Clin. Brother!——Alaw! O *Gemini*! Are you my Brother?

Dick. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord, shou'd this prove some Parliament-Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, What are you?

Erra. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak you Rogue.

Erra. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin.

Clin. Who sent you?

Erra. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother! ——— Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Erra. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hang'd. But confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Erra. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lie can do no harm; besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I can but deny it again. — Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir, — But are you sure you kill'd him dead.

Erra. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*?

Erra. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*: But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him seven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd.

Erra. I suppose he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! — then I go to the *Jubilee* — Strip, Sir, strip. By *Jupiter Ammon* strip.

Dick. Ah! don't swear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*]

Clin. Swear, Sir; *Zoons*, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Erra.

Erra. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.——

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you must first do me the Favour to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths——Hey, call me a Coach somebody.

Erra. Ay, Master; let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see *Angelica*. [*Exeunt Dick. and Errand.*] Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. [*Exit.*]



SCENE Lurewell's HOUSE.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. ARE you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Parl. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruin; and Hypocrisy, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all Things prepar'd for his Reception?

Parl. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order, the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

G

Parl.

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Parl. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

[*As Parly goes to put out the Candle somebody knocks.*]

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

*Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore,
The Sign was so,*

[knocks]

She answer'd, No

[knocks thrice]

No, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,

No Damon, no, I am afraid.

Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid.

Consider,

No,

I'm a Maid,

No, &c.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,

She rose, and softly turn'd the Key,

Come in, said she, but do not stay.

I may conclude

You will be rude,

But if you are you may. [Exit Parly.]

Wildair Enters.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper; there's an harmonious Consent in their Natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of earthly Happiness.

Lure.

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

Wildair taking her by the Hand.

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires. Is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.

Lure. O Villain! what Privilege has Man to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aside.*

If this be a Love Token, your Mistress's Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. drops a Ring, she takes it up.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholden to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed. [*Aside.*

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine Thing?

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing. [*Both sing.*

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other Time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

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Wild. As you with me——Madam, your most humble Servant. [Exit.

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard*.

[Exit, and takes the Candles with her.

Enter Parly, leading in Smuggler, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Parl. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble; here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll steal a pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you——What are you fumbling about my Pockets for——

Parl. Only settling the Pleats of your Gown: here, Sir, get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with *Vizard*.]

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almost in Port, Sir; my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [Kisses her.

Parl. P'shaw: who has hir'd me best, a couple of Shillings, or a couple of Kisses? [Exit.

Viz. Propitious Darknefs guides the Lover's Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which like the *Persian* Monarch, hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World: Under thy easy Reign, Dissemblers may speak Truth, all slavish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villany may act without constraint.

Smug.

a Trip to the JUBILEE. 77

Smug. Peeping out of the Closet.] Bless me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour Abroad, to gorge their craving Maws; The Pleasure of Hypocrisy, like a chain'd Lion, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice! and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as profanely, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam—my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. Vizard?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject—I left it where it has only Business, with Day-light, 'tis needless to wear a Mask in the Dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue!—The World takes you for a very sober virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleasures—With me a Cully-Squire may squander his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift—With me a Holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful Nose in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer—But what is most my Praise, the formal Rigid, she that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour—She who with scornful Mein, and virtuous Pride, disdains the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that, like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep, but invisible; not like those
G 3 fluttering

fluttering noisy Sinners, whose Pleasure is the Proclamation of their Faults, whose empty Flashes no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleasures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*—she has made him an Appointment too—but I'll be reveng'd of both—Well, Sir, what are those you are so intimate with.

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well—those that stand so high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whose Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, and makes it pass unquestion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, would arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all ravishing, lovely, soft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I am very lovely and soft indeed, you shall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend—Well, Sir, but I suppose your Dissimulation has some other Motive besides Pleasure?

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest—You must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill got Pelf—And yet (what's wonderful) he that would stick at no profitable Villany himself, loves Holiness in another—He prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week past—he spends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces, and what he designs a Blessing

a Blessing to the Meat, proves a Curse to his Family—
he's the most——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging Estate, which I design to purchase as a Saint, and spend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and shou'd lose it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser one of these Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. [Aside.

Viz. And no sooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteely I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [Aside.

Viz. Bless me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I must fly immediately. When shall I see you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleasure, than my Reputation. [Exit.

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word suffers a great deal——Well! thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Dish of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years Maintenance, and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment: And when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-simple of a Rope and a Shilling——
Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some Mischief——
I wish that I were safe within the City Liberties——
I'll hide my self. [Stands close.

Enter Butler with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say, there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll search

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search the whole House.——Two Spoons will be no small Gap in my Quarter's Wages——

Serv. When did you miss them, *James*?

But. Miss them, why, I miss them now; in short, they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, search about. [*Search and discover Smuggler.*] Ah! Who's this?

But. Harkee, good Woman, What makes you hide your self? What are you ashamed of?

Smug. Ashamed of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honest Old Woman that never was ashamed of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you see a couple of stray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, stray Spoons; in short you stole them and I'll shake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old, accus'd for *Petty Larceny*!——Why, search me, good People, search me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you shall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, ay, we will search you, Mistress.

[*They search, and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*]

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bless us, she is a Witch in good Earnest, may be.

Smug. O, it was some Devil, some *Covent-Garden*, or *St. James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hanged for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurse.

Lure.

Lure. What Noise is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two Silver Spoons, and says, she's your Nurse.

Lure. My Nurse! O the impudent old Jade, I never saw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught, O, Madam! Madam, Don't you know me? Don't you remember Bufs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever such Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box——Take her before a Justice, and then to *Newgate*. Away.

Smug. O! confider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Confider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrisy, and Knavery; and must be punish'd accordingly——You must be in Petticoats, gouty Monster, must ye! You must Bufs and Guinea too, you must tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr; away with him.

[Hurry him off.]

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,

Still may our Arts delude these tempting Foes.

May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,

But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the fourth A C T.



A C T



ACT V.

SCENE *Lady Darling's HOUSE.**Darling and Angelica.**DARLING.*

DAUGHTER, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modesty.

Angel. I am sensible, *Madam*, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty fit awkward, and appears rather a Chain to enslave, than a Bracelet to adorn us——It shou'd shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove; but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's Gaiety for Dishonour.

Angel. Though Modesty, *Madam*, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are Abroad——I must confess, that of all Men's, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest his most suspicious

suspicious Words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour——But, *Madam*, in spite of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all Virtuous Women of the bravest Men——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*; for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry's* Designs are only to court and marry you.

Angel. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same——Pray, *Madam*, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin——

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*]

Angel. Ha! *Vizard*! then I'm abus'd in Earnest——Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a Crime——This Letter shall trace the Truth——[*Aside.* My Suspicions, *Madam*, are much clear'd, and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Madam*, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion. [Exit Darling.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*!——*Madam*, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like *Loches* to every Glas.

Angel. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, *Madam*, the Wine has got into my Head; and the *Cupids* into my Heart, and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, *Madam*.

Angel. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault:——Therefore pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, If you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chambermaids would do better Service.——Come, come, *Madam*, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay, then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.* Take hold of that Madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy's* the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. Hold, do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them: They scramble and take it up: He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.*

Rascals, Poltroons.——I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches ! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight : And now take the General Prisoner. [*Laying hold on her.*]

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the Sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.——Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire, cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness ? View me well——The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it should dazzle all your vicious Thoughts : Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against your self : I'm sure there's something generous in your Soul ; my Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. *Mimicking.*] Tâl ti dum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*——I'gad, I'll at her in her own Cant——O my *Statyra*, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me ; Behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Angel. Behold me, Sir ; View me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes is armed with sharp Resentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it,

H

you

you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please; you may say your Prayers all the Time—But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about——Can your Virtue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No: For the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no: Your virtuous Women walk a-Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in a Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue stake for you at Picquet? No. Then what Business has a Woman with Virtue——Come, come, Madam, I offered you fifty Guineas.——there's a hundred——The Devil! Virtuous still! Why, 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guineas.

Angel. O Indignation! Were I a Man you durst not use me thus; But the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self; Our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will set you up at Bassiet; a hundred Guineas will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Escritore for your Billet-deux, or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your Virtue. A hundred Guineas will buy an hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are——I'gad this *Burgundy* makes a Man speak like an Angel——Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Use you please.

Angel. I'll use it, as I wou'd the base unworthy Giver thus. [*Throws down the Purse, and stamps upon it.*]

Wild. I have no Mind to meddle in State-Affairs; but these Women will make me a Parliament Man, spight of my

my Teeth, on purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion: She tramples under Foot that Deity which all the World adores.—O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen! Pshaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Market with the old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better,—[Goes to the Door.] Here you Friend, pray desire the old Lady to walk in.—Harkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam!—harkee, Will you take it? Why faith, Madam!—Take the Money, I say, or, I'gad, all's out.

Angel. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of a Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam—In short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guineas! Upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these old Women love to hear bawdy! Why Faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double Entendre ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

*Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take um believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me, your tall al de rall.*

A modish Minuet, Madam, that's all.

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Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain Terms; then Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to——

Angel. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for modest Ears to bear.——Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave; *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who ye are! Why your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard*'s Cousin, I suppose;——and for you, Madam——now to call her Procurefs *Alamode France*.

[*Aside*] *J'estime votre Occupation.*——

Darl. Pray Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, *Alamode Londres!*

[*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you understand me.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you e're receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion?

Angel. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day! Now Dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles. *Vizard*'s Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild.

Wild. And I'll stand to't, he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Angel. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceived.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam, [*to Darling*] before I read, I'll make some Conditions——
Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces; Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Angel. Now can't I tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then! [*Reads*]

Out of the earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica——Ay, ay, the very Words. I can say it by heart——I have sent Sir Harry Wildair——to court my Cousin——What the Devil's this? Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin——he read to me a quite different Thing——He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune——He's a Son of a Whore and a Rascal——and wou'd make your Daughter very happy, [Whistles] in a Husband. [Looks foolish] and hums a Song.] Oh poor Sir Harry, what have thy angry Stars design'd?

Angel. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unsully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam.

[*Bows to her.*]

Angel. Consider, what a tender Blossom is Female Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam.

[*Bows to 'other.*]

Darl.

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Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [Bows again.]

Angel. Remember the base Price you offer'd me. [Exit.]

Wild. Very true, Madam. Was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives; that's all, farewell. [Going.]

Wild. Stay, Madam, [to Darling] one Word; is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir; which if you can think of, you may do: You know the Business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [Exit Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony. Which is best now? A Licence from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Bailey*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I shall hang my self;—But, Damn it—Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two, so my dear Cousin *Angelica* have at you.



SCENE *Newgate, Clincher, Sen. solus.*

Clin. **H**OW severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died: Yesterday I turn'd Beau: To Day I am laid by the Heels, and to Morrow shall be hung by the Neck—I was agreeing with a Bookseller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; but now the History

story of my Travels thro' Holborn to Tyburn—*The last dying Speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee*—Come, a Half-penny a piece. A sad Sound, a sad Sound, 'Faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noise in the World.

Enter Smuggler and Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So send these Letters into *Thames-Street*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [*Exit Goaler.* Eh! This *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner—Well, Friend, What are you, a Cut-throat, or a Bum-Bayliff?

Clin. What are you, Mistrefs, a Bawd, or a Witch? Harkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broomstaff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee*! O, you young Rake-hell, What brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, What brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing, and your Frisking, wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full-bottom Wig, must you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you must put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats:—You design to swing in Masquerade, Master, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you must go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house, unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and his Mistrefs a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but some malicious

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cious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard Matter now, that an honest sober Man cannot sin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honest Gentleman five Guineas my self towards writing a Book against it; and it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage! our Comfort 'is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together; only with this Difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and by.—Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers. [Exit Smug.]

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows.—Ah, this cursed Intriguing! Had I swung handsomely in a Silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear——damn'd Rogue, where have you been? Thou art the most welcome——Son of a Whore, Where's my Cloaths?

Erra. Sir, I see where mine are: Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman?

Erra. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, D'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here,——I stand up for Liberty and Property.—*Newgate's* a Commonwealth. No Courtier has Business among us; Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, till I send for my own Cloaths: I shall get out presently.

Erra.

Erra. No, no, Sir, I'll have you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me; for I'm twenty thousand strong.

[*Exeunt struggling.*]



The SCENE changes to Lady Darling's HOUSE.

Enter Wildair with Letters; Servants following.

Wild. **H**ERE, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,——you to *St. James's*——and you into the *City*——Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.——Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A Thousand Welcomes, Friend: My Pleasure's now compleat, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you: Then back again; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*, but this transcends your self; Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess? My Friend——Whence flows all earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and
Soul

Soul of Pleasure?—*Woman*—What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman*.—What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming virtuous Woman*?—When Nature in the general Composition first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasy: The blest, the fair Production—Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess?—What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*?—What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping? *Treacherous Woman*:—What are those whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *false deluding Woman*——*Woman*, whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuse your Resentment against her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex.——I have found one whose Virtues——

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition, I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day, to make a Shew of Complaisance at least——Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. Saluting Angelica. I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter

Enter Clincher, junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! How came ye by these Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Jest! Ha, ha, ha; I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the Matter, Cousin?

Clin. The Matter; Ha, ha, ha: Why, an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the best Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha. Let me see e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Angel. You appear'd a very sober, pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. P'shaw, I was a Fool then: But now, *Madam*, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.——As for your Part, *Madam*, you might have had me once:——but now, *Madam*, if you shou'd by chance fall to eating Chalk, or knawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault.——Now, *Madam*——I have got an Estate, I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher Senior, in a Blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must you?——You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost——Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin.

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Clin. sen. A Ghost! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're Dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life.

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him.——

Clin. sen. Truly the Apprehensions of Death may have made me favour a little——O Lord——The Colonel! the Apprehension of him may make me favour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*! go to the *Bear-Garden*——The Travel of such Fools as you, doubly injures our Country; you expose our native Follies, which ridicules us amongst Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for fashionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous as a home-bred Villain——Get ye to your native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals like your selves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other Time; I hear some Fiddles tuning; let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to fit.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant Whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, Shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? [*To Darling.*

Darl.

Darl. With all my Heart——Come, Gentlemen.

[*Ex. Omnes but Wild.*]

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me? Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding——What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A Monster——if thou art marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day; Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you; I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you wou'd not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame——Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [*Shows a Ring.*] Methinks the *Motto* of this Sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face——Read, read here the binding Words of *Love and Honour*; Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes——tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously designed to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false——Had not cursed Chance shew'd me the surprizing *Motto*, I had been happy——The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this! Madam, I'm not at Leisure for Raillery at present; I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure; Madam, any other Time——

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

I

Wild.

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Wild. Faith, I can't, my Bride expects me; but, hark'ee, when the *Honey-Moon* is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [*Exit.*

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst—Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast—Words, Words, or I shall burst. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, *Madam*, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What making a Fool of you! I've don't, and glory in the Act; the Height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear, that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly—If there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee—Come, *Madam*, you know that you're discovered; and, being sensible, you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay. That Ring, *Madam*, proclaims you Guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O, name it not—Yes, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——Your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did

did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd Wildair's boasting of your Favours, to be the pure Result of his own Vanity. At last he urged your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which, you Yesterday, from him receiv'd that Ring—~~which~~ which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that Purpose.

Lure. Ha! you lent him for that purpose?

Stand. Yes, yes, *Madam*, I lent him for that purpose—no denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, *Madam*, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner! think Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have *Love and Honour* in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours; if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha—your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange—But tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand. I was, I was. [*runs to her, and embraces her.*] The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport—I know the rest—you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!—But where have you wander'd since? 'Twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to discharge my self from the Stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my

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Return to the University, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd; my Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to travel; I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least Account of you by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first Sight I loved tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause——You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engaged; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave——And to reward your Truth, an Estate of three thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engaged me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! Not Fame, nor Glory, e're shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles; the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this; that Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild.

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such honourable Company; for your gracious Nephew is—

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have disinherited him; that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its Purpose, as to the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*to Angel.*] how industriously Fortune has punished his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O, Sir *Harry*, he's as hypocritical——

Lure. As your self, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurse, pray Sir?

Smug. O, Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman. Do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of my secret Practices in trading. [*Aside.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket at this Lady's House Yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your merchandizing; among the rest, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about transporting *French* Wine in *Spanish* Casks——First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunished.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo.

Clin.

102 *The* CONSTANT COUPLE: &c.

Clin. sen. Hearkee, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise; Wou'd you be thought an honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a Thief wou'd steal——Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulsion; of which, Colonel, your Conversion and mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules;
Where Virtue, with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman——*

*Charming Woman, can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*



EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart, each his respective Way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one, with loving *she*, retires to th' Rose:
The Amorous Pair to all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in Number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
Others more generous damn the Play at Locket's.
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain.
Malice ne're spoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who, in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen, who fond the World shou'd know it,
Sit down, and for their Two-Pence damn a Poet.
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't.
They understand a Play——too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.

EPILOGUE.

*But those I think have but one Rule for Plays ;
They'll say they're good, if so the World says.
If it shou'd please them, and their Spouses know it,
They straight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-Box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote.
But that way's old below our Author's Aim,
No less than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their Sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, They have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By shewing their Ill-nature to their Faces.
Our Business, with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*

F I N I S.

6. NO. 63







G. Vander Gucht Feest

THE

4

Stage-Coach.

A

F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

D R U R Y - L A N E.

Written by Mr. FARQUHAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-
against St. *Clement's Church* in the Strand.

M.DCC. XXXV.

THE

21382-2000

FARCE

As it is

THE

BRITISH



MUSEUM

OR



BOOK

Printed for W. H. & Co. at New York, N. Y.

1851



SOME
MEMOIRS
OF

Mr. George Farquhar.

IT is observ'd, that the World is naturally apt to enquire into the Life and Character of those Men who have made themselves famous for any particular Art or Science: The Satisfaction we receive in the Perusal of an ingenious Author excites in us this Curiosity, and is imperfect till we are satisfied therein. On this Consideration, since few Comic Writers have met with a more favourable Reception among People

of the most polite Taste, than the Author of the following Works, I thought it necessary to prefix these few Memoirs of his Life.

Mr. *George Farquhar* was born in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in the Country, who, having a numerous Issue, cou'd bestow on him no Fortune, farther than a genteel Education. As they who are bless'd with a Poetical Genius always shew some Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth, so he, e'er he arriv'd at his Tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar Turn that way. One of his Juvenile Productions I shall here mention, in which he discover'd a way of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expression, far beyond his Years.

I.

*The pliant Soul of erring Youth,
Is like soft Wax, or moisten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all Heavenly Truth;
Or yield to Tyrant Ill the Sway.*

II.

*Slight Folly in your early Years,
And Manhood may to Virtue rise;
But he, who in his Youth appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.*

He was educated in the University of *Dublin*, where, by the Progress he made in his Studies, he acquir'd a considerable Reputation. He began very early to apply himself to the Stage, as an Actor, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Otway*, and with the like Success; who, though excellent Dramatick Poets, made but indifferent Actors: However, Mr. *Farquhar* having the Advantage of a very good Person, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repuls'd by the Audience in his Performances; so resolv'd to continue on the Stage till something better shou'd offer; which Resolution was soon thrown aside by the following Accident. Performing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is suppos'd to kill *Vasquez* one of the *Spanish* Generals, and forgetting

getting to exchange his Sword for a Foil, in the Engagement he wounded the Person who represented *Vasquez*, tho' (as it happen'd) not dangerously, nevertheless it put an end to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor. Some time after this, the Earl of *Orrery*, in regard to his particular Merit, gave him a Lieutenantcy in his Regiment then in *Ireland*: As a Soldier he behav'd very well, and gave several Proofs of his Courage and Conduct.

He was very young when he wrote his first Comedy, the Success of which far exceeded his Expectation, as indeed did most of his other Pieces. 'Tis remark'd of him, That he was peculiarly happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents; his Style is pure, and unaffected; his Wit natural, and flowing, and his Plots generally well contrived. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand; for his Muse was good-natur'd, not abounding over-much with Gall, tho' he has been blam'd for it by the Criticks. It has been objected to him, that he was too hasty in his Productions, but I believe

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR. ix

believe by such only who are chiefly Admirers of stiff and elaborate Performances, since with a Person of a sprightly Fancy those things are often best, which are struck off in a Heat.

His last Comedy, the *Stratagem*, he began and ended in six Weeks, with a settled Sickness upon him all the time; nay, he even perceiv'd the Approaches of Death, e'er he had finish'd the second Act, and (as he had often foretold) dy'd before the Run of this Play was over. His other Plays were dedicated to Persons of Distinction, and he design'd a Dedication of this last to my Lord Cadogan; but his Lordship, for Reasons unknown, evaded it, tho' he made him a handsome Present, with Promises of his future Favour; which, probably, wou'd have been fulfill'd if our Author had surviv'd: Tho' he had but little Reason to rely on the Promises of Great Men; a certain Great Courtier having prevail'd on him to sell his Commission, with solemn Assurances of providing for him better, which he forgot to keep. Mr. Farquhar in his Song of a Trifle, seems to paint at the Person in this Stanza.

*But if you will go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will show you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.*

'Tis suppos'd, that thus failing in his Expectations, together with an unfortunate Marriage, shorten'd his Days ; for his Wife (by whom he had two Daughters only) through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly the Fault of her Love, which was so violent for him, that she resolv'd to leave nothing untry'd to gain him. Tho' some Husbands would have prove mere Husbands in such a case, Mr. *Farquhar* was so much charm'd with her Love, and Understanding, that he intirely forgave her, and liv'd very happily with her ; therefore, when I say an unfortunate Marriage conduc'd, with other Circumstances, to the shortening his Days, I only mean, that his Fortune being too slender to support a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniences ; for I have often heard him say, *That*

it

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR. xi

it was more Pain to him in imagining that his Family might want a needful Support, than the most violent Death that cou'd be inflicted on him. But his Wife being long since dead, his good Friend Mr. Wilks has been highly instrumental in setting his Children above Want.

Mr. *Farquhar*, besides these seven Comedies, assisted Mr. *Motteux* in a *Farce* call'd *The Stage-Coach*. He left no other Papers behind him; for, three Hours before his Death, he flung several Fragments into the Fire, declaring at the same time, that he had no Remains worth saving.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Micher, the old Uncle and Guardian to *Isabella*.

Nicodemus Somebody, a Country 'Squire.

Basil, a Captain, in Love with *Isabella*.

Fetch, Servant to *Basil*.

Macabone, an *Irishman*.

Tom. Folt, the Stage-Coachman.

Landlord of the House.

W O M E N.

Isabella, Niece to *Micher*, in Love with *Basil*.

Dolly, Maid in the House.

Ofiler, and other Guests in the House.

SCENE *an Inn on the Road between Chester
and London.*



THE
STAGE-COACH.



SCENE an Inn.

Enter Fetch, with Cloak-Bag and Pistols.

HERE, House! where are ye all? Now we've supt, I'll see if my Master's Bed be ready.—*Tom, John, Robin*, where a Plague are ye? All deaf? No Attendance in these Country Inns? This is worse than the *Rose Tavern* after Play, the *Sun Tavern* after 'Change, or the *Devil Tavern* after Church.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. D'ye call, Sir,

Fet. Call, Sir! What a Plague—Eigh! gad 'tis a pretty Girl. Hark you, Child, do you serve Travellers upon the Road here?

Dol.

14 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Dol. Yes, Sir.

Fet. Kiss me, then.

Dol. That's the Chambermaid's Business—D'ye want any thing else? I'm in Haste,

Fet. What Room does my Master lye in?

Dol. The Cattle.

Fet. And what Room do I lye in?

Dol. The Garret.

Fet. Very well; and what Room do you lye in?

Dol. Under you.

Fet. Say no more. I'll but take a Dram to digest my Supper, lay these Things in my Master's Chamber, then I'll talk with you in yours.

Dol. Are your Pistols charg'd?

Fet. Yes, yes, we always go charg'd, Child: A Brace of Bullets, I assure you. [Exit Dolly.]

Enter Captain Bafil.

Baf. What a tedious, tiresome, dull, jolting Vehicle is a Stage-Coach? We that are in it, are more fatigued than the Beasts that draw it. This unlucky Hurt, *Fetch*, that I've got lately, has hinder'd my riding Post, and thrown me into this confounded Company, a big-bellied Farmer's Daughter, an *Irish* Wit, a Canting Quaker, a City Whore, and a Country Parson.

Fet. And a disbanded Captain, Sir; for want of a stroling Lawyer, or a Nurse and a Child, to make up a cleaver Stage-Coach set.

Baf. Ay, the swell'd Country Pufs plagu'd me with her screaming and wry Faces, the profound *Teague* with his Nonsense, the Quaker with the Spirit, the Whore with the Flesh, and the fat Parson with both.

Fet.

The STAGE-COACH. 15

Fet. Truly, Sir, I pity'd you ; for I do'nt think there was in the whole Company a Man of Parts, but you and I.

Baf. Must I be tormented two Days more with this Coach, before I get to *London* ?

Fet. Too true, Sir.

Baf. How can you tell ?

Fet. Nobody better, Sir ; my Father in *London* has an Employment about the Coaches.

Baf. What's his Employment ?

Fet. Sir, he's a very worthy Citizen, that attends at *Blossom's* Inn, in the Quality of a Ticket Porter.

Baf. I must get to *London*, sooner, or I shall ruin my Affairs.—Let me talk with the Coachman ; if it be possible, I'll make him stretch for me : Call him hither. [*Exit Fetch.*] Pshaw ! here's that *Irish* Booby.

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, 'tis a brave House ! Sure the Shentleman of this Tavern must be some Person of very great Quality—Oh, my dear Master Captain, I am your most loving and much honour'd Friend.

Baf. Our Acquaintance, Sir, is a little too short for so much Familiarity.

Mac. Our Acquaintance too short ! Dear Joy, it is threescore Miles long ; and, by Shaint *Patrick*, I would be very joyful for being your especial Friend, because I am afraid we shall never meet again.

Baf. May I crave your Name, Sir ?

Mac. My Name is *Torlough Rawwer Macahone*, of the Parish of *Curoughabegely*, in the County of *Tiperary*, Esq'ire, where is my Mansion House, for me and my Predecessors after me.

Baf.

16 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Baf. Very well; and pray, Sir, what Affairs carry you to *London*?

Mac. No Affairs, my dear Joy; for I have transacted my Business in *London* before I came there.

Baf. That's somewhat an odd Way of doing Business.

Mac. By my Shoul, Sir, 'tis the quickest Way tho'. I was going to *London* to make my Fortune.

Baf. How, Sir?

Mac. Why, by the Law, Friend, or Physick, or a Merchant's Wife, or Back-gammon, or any of these Honourable Professions; 'tis all the same to *Macabone*, Faith. But I have made my Fortune already, by my Goship's Hand,

Baf. How pray, Sir?

Mac. Because, my dear Joy, you are my intimate Friend and a Stranger, I will communicate that Secret into your Breast——The fine Lady in the Coach, *Madam Strowler*, is a rich Merchant's Wife, in *Vinegar-Yard*, by *Drury-Lane*, in *London*, and she is fallen in downright Affections with me, and treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to pay the Reckoning for her in every Place.

Baf. *Jenny* the Orange-Wench has snapt this Booby; and e'en let her make a Hand of him.——Are you sure she's rich?

Mac. By my Shoul she shew'd me a Diamond as big as a Potatoe; and faith it look'd almost as clear as Glas: And she keeps her flying Chariot too, she told me so herself; and, by my Shoul, I am so cunning, that if another had told me so, I had not believ'd him.

Baf. You're plaguy cunning, indeed, Sir.

Mac. O chree, dear Joy, we are all so, upon my Shoul. Let an *Irishman* alone for making his Fortune, he is as cunning as no Man alive——But, my
dea

The STAGE-COACH. 17

dear Joy, I wish I were after going to Bed, to digest my Supper: Here are two Beds in your Chamber; and pray, my dear Friend, tell me, do you intend to lye in 'em both?

Bas. 'Tis probable, Sir, I shall use but one.

Mac. Then, Sir, with your Leave and Permission, I shall use the t'other; but pray let me not incommode your Person, if you intend to lye in both the Beds.

Bas. Not at all, Sir——Booby. [*Afide.*

Mac. Sir, I am your most obliging Servant.

Bas. Coxcomb. [*Afide.*

Mac. I render you many Thanks. [*Exit.*

Enter Jolt, and Fetch.

Bas. Honest *Jolt*! how is't? What shall I give thee to drink?

Jolt. Thank you, Master, what you please. Here's rare *Nants* in the House; a *Cogue*, or so, wou'd do no Harm.

Bas. Here, *Fetch*, bring us Half a Pint. [*Exit Fetch.*] Well, *Jolt*, canst do a Man a Kindness upon Occasion?

Jolt. A Kindness! Ay, Master, an' that be all, we Coachmen are all mighty civil Fellows, you know.

Bas. Are your Horfes good?

Jolt. Good! Special Cattle, Master! A *London* Doctor wou'd have set up his Coach with 'em, if we had trusted to the Fall of the Leaf; and but t'other Day here, one of your Stockjobbers hir'd 'em for an Election; ecod, they had almost got him the Place.

Enter

18 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Enter Fetch, with Brandy.

Bas. Here, *Jolt*, pull it off.

Jolt. Your Health, Master——Rare Stuff, after my twelve Eggs and Pound of Bacon.

Bas. Well, *Jolt*, can I be at *London* by To-morrow Night?

Jolt. To-morrow Night! Ay, Master, if you can fly. *[Drinks.]*

Bas. See here, *Jolt*——my Business is pressing; a good Share of this Purse is thine, if thou wilt hasten my Journey.

Jolt. If that be all, *[Drinks]* 'tis done——we are to be in *London* the Day after To-morrow, by Ten o'Clock at Night——Now, Master, to oblige you, I'll be there by Nine.

Bas. Is the Fellow mad? I tell thee I must be there To-morrow.

Jolt. Ay, so you may if you can; 'tis a long Way, Master, the Roads are deep, and I won't spoil my Horses—they are dearer to me, poor Beasts, than my Wife and Children.

Fet. Silly Fool, thou hast no more Sense than thy Horses; why there's enough in that Purse to bribe thy very Master, the Duke of *Mantua*, and two or three *German* Princes.

Jolt. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. *[Peeps in the empty Pot, and throws it down.]* What do you prate for? These Beau Footmen are as Cock-a-Hoop of late, as if they had Places at Court. I'm an honest Man.——Bribes won't pass in the Country now.——Besides, I must not baulk my Stages, the Innkeepers have brib'd me already. *[Exit.]*

Bas. Well, tho' it kills me I must ride Post.

Fet.

The STAGE-COACH. 19

Fet. But pray, Sir, what makes you in such Haste?

Baf. Why this Letter from my Mistress. [Reads.]

YOU'VE heard I've lost my dear Mother. My Uncle, to whose Care I am left, not considering your Pretensions, is resolv'd to marry me to another; but what's worse, the old Gentleman has got my Writings, and I must seem to comply with his Desires. If you would prevent my being made a most unfortunate Creature, fly to my Relief, my dear Basil, with all the Speed, which your Love and my Distress require.

ISABELLA.

I'm afraid I shall come too late: Run to the Post-House, get us Horses, and we'll mount this Moment. But whom have we here?

Fet. Some of the Company that came in the London Coach, that supp'd on t'other Side of the House.

Enter 'Squire Somebody, with a Band-box, a Mask, and Fan, and other Luggage.

'Squi. Come, Mrs. *Isbel*, I've got your Things—— Bless us! What a Parcel of Luggage these Women carry about 'em—— And the poor Lover here must be subject to the Slavery of Bundles and Band-boxes—— Mrs. *Isbel*, why don't you come away, I'm as tir'd as a Scotch Pedlar under his Pack.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ha!

[Sees the Captain, and starts.]

'Squi. Ha! What's the Matter, my dear Wife, that is to be?

Isab.

20 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Ifab. I miss my Watch; I fear I've left it in the Room where we sup'd; pray go and see.

'Squi. Ay, by all Means ——— Here, look to your Things, there are Strangers about. [Exit.

Baf. Ha! What do I see! Look, *Fetch*, is not that *Isabella*?

Ifab. My dear *Basil*! [Meet and embrace.

Baf. My *Isabella*! What Miracle has brought you hither?

Ifab. You receiv'd my Letter?

Baf. Here it is, and it has brought me so far in my Journey to you.

Ifab. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name, dreading your Return to *London*, has thought fit to hurry me down to the Country-House of that Block-head that I sent just now of a Fool's Errand, under Pretence of losing my Watch. My Uncle is at the Bar, haggling with the Landlady, and is to come up presently into the Room where we lye: Now if you can find a Way to rescue me from the old Knave, and the young Fool ——— But here he comes: He's the Son of Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, in *Lancashire*.

Enter 'Squire Somebody.

'Squi. Gone, gone! No Watch to be found! Ecod, Gentlewoman, see what your Uncle will say to you! You'll make a rare Wife, faith, if you lose your Things so aforehand. ——— I won't lend you mine.

Ifab. You need not, Sir, for the Watch is found again; I had only put it in a wrong Pocket.

'Squi. Then that's Thirty Pounds in my Pocket.

Baf.

The STAGE-COACH. 21

Baf. Sure I shou'd know that Voice, and Face too. Sir, are not you related to the Family of the *Somebody's*?

'Squi. Yes, Sir, my Father is Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, Bart. and I am his Eldest Son by the first Venter, *Nicodemus Somebody*, Esq;

Baf. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend Sir *Aminadab*.——Pray, Sir, what Lady is that with you?

'Squi. 'Tis my Mistress, at your Service: We want but a Parson, a Wedding Dinner, a Pair of clean Sheets, and a Sack Posset, to send us the Way of all Flesh.

Baf. Then, Sir, upon your Account, I'll presume to pay my Respects to the Lady. [*Salutes her.*]

'Squi. Sir, you're a very respectful Person truly. — Well, how d'ye like her? Won't she make a rare Tit for *Somebody*? She's a little in the Dumps at present, but we shall dump her out of that.

Baf. What! out of Humour, and so near her Marriage.

'Squi. Ay, there was a certain Captain that lov'd her, and she lov'd that certain Captain: Now I can't tell how the Devil this Fellow whindled himself into the Mother's Favour, and got her Consent; but as good Luck would have it, the old Woman was pleas'd to go where all old Women shou'd go, and so Nuncle *Micher*, being a very honest Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian, but having a deadly Aversion to a Red Coat, struck up a Bargain with Father for me, and we're going down to our House to take Possession of the Premises: So this same Scoundrel of an Officer is like to be disbanded, and she, forsooth, is vex'd because she can't serve under him. Ha, ha, ha, poor Dog, he's broke on all Sides.

Baf.

22 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Bas. Ha, ha, silly Fellow ! he'll hang himself, that's certain. What shou'd Soldiers do else in Time of Peace ?

'Squi. Ay, my dear Friend, I shou'd be glad if they were all hang'd ; but for the Sake of the *French*.
—— Perhaps you may know this same Captain ; 'tis one *Basil*, a poor insignificant Ringleader of fifty Rogues. Ha, ha.

Bas. Basil ; I know him, bloody Rogues he led, indeed.

'Squi. And he the saddest Rogue of 'em all : Ha, ha,

Bas. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Isab. If you thought this Captain over-heard you, you durst not talk at that Rate.

'Squi. Durst, not say you ? Odzookers, I fear neither Man, Woman, or Child. I wou'd tell him so to his Face——when my Friend stands by me here.

Bas. Softly, Madam, my Friend *Nicodemus* is a Person who you ought to regard——in Time you'll have no Cause to complain.

'Squi. Ah, dear Sir, you do me more Honour than I deserve. But don't you think now that I am much more for her Turn than this same Raggamuffin :

Bas. There's no Comparifon, Sir ; and I think nobody can tell better than I ; So I can assure the Lady this is like to be the last Trouble you shall give her :

'Squi. Well said, faith. Ecod, I've got a good Friend and I did not think on't.

Isab. Ay, but if *Basil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your Friend both.

Bas. Why, what wou'd you do, if *Basil* were here ?

Isab. I wou'd run away with him to the next Parson, and leave *Nicodemus* here in the Lurch.

'Squi.

The STAGE-COACH. 23

'*Squi.* Nicodemus thanks you with all his Heart——

Did not I tell you now how she was bewitch'd by this Captain? The Devil's in these Captains, I believe. Ecod I've a Mind to be a Captain too——Odzookers, now I think on't, my dear Friend, Im'a Captain already of the Militia; and do you think that we that pay them, are not better Men than they?

Baf. Ay, to be sure

Ifab. Well, but we cou'd do it, Sir, and you never the wiser; for while my Uncle and you were fast asleep, I cou'd steal out of my Chamber, fly into *Basil's* Arms, and he shou'd have a Coach ready to hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next Morning.

'*Squi.* Odzooks, she's a cunning Jade; for all that I shall have a rare Wife of her.

Baf. Well, well, Madam, I understand you, we shall take Care of that Matter.

'*Squi.* Ay, ay, so we will; my dear Friend, here, and I, shall watch your Waters, I'll warrant you——Oh, here's Uncle *Micher*.

Enter Micher, with a Bill.

Mich. Hah! the Cut-throat Dogs: There's a Bill for you! That fat Jade at the Bar will score herself to the Devil, before any Sollicitor, Taylor, Physick or Tipple Poisoner in *Europe*. [*Gives the 'Squire the Bill.*

'*Squi.* [*Reads*] For Bread and Beer, Eight Shillings and Ten Pence. *Here's as much Bread and Drink as wou'd serve all the French in Spittle-fields for a Week.* For a Calf's-Head and Bacon, Ten Shillings. For a boil'd Pig and Colly-Flowers, *that I bespoke,* Nine Shillings. For a Red Herring, *that was yours,*
Uncle,

24 *The* STAGE-COACH.

Uncle, One Shilling. For a Bottle of Hartshorn, *that was your Supper*, *Mistress*, Seven Pence. *Hey dey! what's here?* Mull'd Sack, Dumplings, Cheefe, Oranges, Toast and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, Brandy, Tarts, and Tobacco, in all, Two Pounds, Thirteen Shillings and Three Pence Three Farthings, besides Fire——'The Devil fire the House.

Mich. Well, how shall we club this Matter? There's the old Woman that has the King's-Evil, and the t'other that stops the Coach every Minute to go behind a Bush, they won't pay as much as we.

'*Squi*. Ecod, but they shall; and for you, *Mistress*, you shall pay but a Crown, because you eat nothing, and that you mayn't think that you're hardly dealt by, I'll sing you the Song that makes it Stage-Coach Law.

The STAGE-COACH SONG.

Let's sing of Stage-Coaches,

And fear no Reproaches,

For riding in one;

But daily be jogging,

While whistling and flogging,

While whistling and flogging,

The Coachman drives on.

With a Hey, geeup, geeup, bey ho;

With a Hey gee Dobbin, hey ba;

Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, bey ho,

With a hey gee Dobbin, bey ho.

*In Coaches thus strowling,
Who wou'd not be rowling,
With Nymphs on each Side ;
Still prattling and playing,
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily ride.*

With a Hey, &c.

*Here chance kindly mixes,
All Sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men ;
We squeeze them, we ease them,
The Jolting does please them ;
Drive jollily then.*

With a Hey, &c.

*The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving ;
Nor fear we to fall ;
For if the Coach tumble,
We have a rare Fumble ;
We have a rare Fumble ;
And then up Tails all.*

*With a Hey, geeup, geeup, hey ho ;
With a Hey gee Dobbin, hey ho ;
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, hey ho.*

*Mich. Well, now let's go to Bed, that we may
be the sooner out of this confounded Inn next Morning.*

B

'Squi.

26 *The STAGE-COACH.*

'Squi. Well, dear Sir, the best Friends must part, tho' it be Man and Wife; but if you can step home with me, 'tis but hard by, about Fourscore and Ten Miles off, and stay there a Week, I'll make you so drunk, you shan't find the Way back again in a Month.

Bas. Sir, you must excuse me, I am otherwise engag'd.

'Squi. Good Night, then.

[Exit.

Ifab. Good Night, Sir. [Exeunt Micher, Isabella.

Bas. Your Servant, Madam. I hope you'll be in a better Humour To-morrow. Ha! Fetch, here's Fortune for you.—Now, my dear Lad, run, and at any Rate get us some Calash, Chariot, Coach, any thing, to hurry us to London; fly. In the mean time, I'll run to my Chamber, and get every thing ready.

[Exeunt Severally

Enter Jolt.

Hush! Mum's the Word; there's a plaguy Candle stands in my Way; out, Informer, I'll spoil your peeping. The House is full, and Bed's are scarce, therefore I can't lye in my own; So, good Wife at home, by your Leave, we Travellers are forc'd sometimes to lye two in a Bed. 'Tis main dark, rare driving now in a deep Road, and a rough Way——Odsnigs, now if Dolly shou'd be skittish, and won't let me; I'll knock at her Chamber Door, however, and if the Door will open, well said Door, I'll enter, and if Dolly will do like the rest of her Crew, well said Dolly. Pox on't, here's a Light, 'tis not yet right Catterwawling Time, so I'll sheer off till anon.

[Exit.

Enter

The STAGE-COACH. 27

Enter Basil with things, Fetch with a Candle.

Bas. Well, *Fetch* !

Fet. I've done your Business, Sir — I've found in this very Inn a Calash, with four good Horses, that shou'd have gone empty to *London* To-morrow Morning ; I've agreed with the Coachman to go with you immediately, he'll be ready at a Whistle.

Bas. That was luckily, and I've got my Things ; here they shall lye till *Isabella* comes out — I wish she were here.

Fet. Sir, Sir, I think I hear a Noise.

Bas. Put out the Candle then, and let us step into that Corner, for here we must wait for her

Enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coast is clear — I have had a strange Hankering after this same *Doll*, this great while, and for her Sake I set up here at the *Angel* ; now if she won't be civil, dye see, I'll carry my Guests to the *Saracen's-Head*, where I shall have the Ostler to take Care of my Horses, and the Maid to take Care of me — Now for her Door.

Fet. Ods my Life, Sir ; we've forgot one thing ; the Gate is lock'd up by this Time, how shall we get out ?

Bas. What shall we do ?

Jolt. Hush ! I hear something ; shou'd this be some Rogue now creeping in to *Dolly*, I'll put a Spoke in his Wheel.

Fet. Stay, I've thought on't ; the Maid's a good tractable Wench, she'll do whatever we'll have her.

Jolt. Will she, faith, — you Dog ? Sirrah, I'll take care of that.

28 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Fet. I'll knock at the Door ; for a Piece of Money, I'll warrant you she'll do the Job.

Jolt. Perhaps I may do your Job first, you catterwawling Son of a Whore.

Fet. 'Tis well if I 'scape a good Dab on the Nose here——Confound that Post, 'tis deadly hard——

[*Jolt strikes him.*] Her Door is on this Side, I'm sure.

[*Jolt strikes him again.*] Ha ! what's that ? Another Post ? 'ware Nose the third time.—— Oh, sure here's the Door, I'll knock. [*Strikes Jolt in the Teeth.*] *Dolly*, *Dolly*, Plague on't, she's asleep ; sure I'm right ; where's the Key-hole ? Oh ! I've found it. [*Puts his Finger in Jolt's Mouth, who bites it.*] Oh, the Devil ! the Devil ! Help, Sir, Help, I've got my Finger in a Rat-Trap.

Baf. Where art thou ?

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee.

[*Whips him.*

Fet. Murder ! Murder ! Help !

Baf. Hold, you Dog, or I'll kill you.

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee ho.

Fet. Murder, Murder, Help ! the Devil lays me on.

Enter Ostler, with a Light.

Ost. What's the Matter ? What's the Matter ?

Jolt. Come on, gee, gee, ho.

Ost. What a Duce do you mean, Master *Jolt* ?

Jolt. [*Yawns*] What's the Matter ? What's all this Buffle for ?

Ost. What, are you drunk or dreaming ?

Jolt. What would you have ? Where am I ? Oh ! Oh ! is it you, *Phil.* the Ostler ? Odsnigs, I thought I had been in Bed ; I dream'd that my Coach stuck in *Hackly the Hole*, and I was licking my Horses till I made them smoke again——I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, for taking you for my Beasts.

Enter

The STAGE-COACH. 29

Enter Dolly.

Doll. What's the Matter here ; are not you asham'd to disturb People at this Time of Night ?

Fet. You're come in good Time, Child, to save that Rogue a beating, for now we've other Business ; a Word with you.

Bas. Get thee gone, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Ears off, you Dog ; and you here with your Light, go off, and leave us to our Business. [*Exit Ostler.*]

Jolt. Odzookers, now they're driving the Bargain ; Ecod I'll over-turn the Coach To-morrow in a Slough, to cool that Dog of a Captain's Courage in a Puddle.

Fet. The Town's our own, Sir ; I've given the Wench a Guinea, she consents, and I've got the Key.

Jolt. The Key ! A Plague on her Lock ; now has the Minx granted at once, what she has deny'd me this Twelvemonths ; but that Guinea is the Devil at a Key-hole : I warrant 'twou'd open a thousand Spring Locks in *Covent-Garden*. — I'll watch, and see what all this will come to.

Enter Isabella, with a Trunk.

Isab. He shou'd be here ! ——— Captain !

Bas. My Dear !

Jolt. My dear ! Ah the damn'd Jade ! She's come out to him now.

Enter Micher, groping.

Mich. Does she walk in her Sleep ? Where can she go at this Time of Night ? I'll watch her.

30 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Isab. Captain, where are you ?

Bas. Here, here.

Mich. Captain ! Sure she can't have her Captain here.

Folt. Odfnigs, they're going to't ; but I'll spoil their Sport.

Isab. Come, I'm got out at last, and what's more, I've got the Writings.

Mich. Ah, you young Baggage, have I caught you ; Lights here ; Lights.

Isab. Hift ! I hear my Uncle's Voice, let's lose no Time.

Bas. Let's away, my Dear——*Fetch*, take up the Things. [*Exeunt.*

Mich. Lights here, Lights.

[*Fetch takes up the Things, and drops the Key.* Exit.

Enter Ostler with a Light.

Ost. What's the Matter here, again ?

Mich. Ha ! what a Devil, who are you ?

Folt. And who are you, an' that be all ?

Mich. Where's my Niece, ah, you Pimp ? you're in the Plot too ; where's that damn'd Rogue the Captain ?

Folt. Your Niece ! the Captain has other Work in hand ; but this is a rare time to quit Scores with him. If you want the Captain, you'll find him in that Room with his Whore.

Mich. His Whore ! the Dog make my Niece his Whore ! Get a Constable, a Constable.

Enter 'Squire, yawning.

'Squi. Here, what the Devil's the matter ? Can't you let a body sleep among ye ?

Mich.

The STAGE-COACH. 31

Mich. Ah, *Nicodemus*, we're all undone ; the Captain here has got away your Mistress into that Room ; and what they are doing, Heaven knows.

'Squi. Ha ! I hear some Noise ; I hear some Noise within, why don't you break the Door, Uncle ?

Mich. Why don't you ?

'Squi. She's your Niece.

Mich. She's your Wife that is to be.

'Squi. I can't tell that now.

Mich. Then let's have a Constable.

Jolt. I'll run and call up my Landlord ; he's a Constable. [Exit.

[Several People appear in Night-Caps in both Balconies.

1. A Plague take you all, are you all asleep, that ye make such a Noise. What a De'il's the matter wid you.

'Squi. Nothing, nothing, no Harm, only a Gentleman who's making me a Cuckold before my time.

'Enter Landlord, Jolt with a Leaver.

Land. Here, where are these People ?

'Squi. Here, Sir, in that Room.

Land. Come out here : I charge ye come out : I'm an Officer, won't you come out in the King's Name ? why then stay where you are, in the Devil's Name : Break open the Door. [Jolt breaks open the Door.

Land. Why don't you go in ?

Jolt. Why don't you go in, you're an Officer ?

Land. Then I command you to go in before me :

Jolt. Let the 'Squire go in, 'tis his Business.

'Squi. Let my Uncle go in, 'tis more his Business than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in, tho' he be a Captain, he's but one. [Exeunt.

Enter

32 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Enter Dolly at another Door.

Doll. What can they be searching for in my Chamber?

Re-enter all.

'Squi. The devil a Thing is there, but an old Pair of Boddice, a broken-back'd Chair, a Quire of Ballads, a flock Bed, and a green Chamber-Pot: Why, Gentlemen, the People that you want, are gone; they took the Key from me, and wept out.

'Squi. Gone! oh ye Skies! *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

Mich. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

'Squi. Ay, ay, Horses, Coaches, Spurs, Whips, Spatterdashies, Gambadoes, Boots, and Sashoons, away.

Land. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, what's here? the Key of the great Gate, they must be in the House still, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Doll. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Land. Then they must have drop'd the Key, and are in the House still.

'Squi. Huzza! have at 'em then; Halberts, Quarter-Staffs, Muskets, Pikes, and Pocket-Pistols.

Mich. Find 'em out, find 'em out, then. [*Ex. Land.* Jolt. Why don't you go help 'em, Nephew?

'Squi. Uncle, I stay to keep you Company.

Enter Basil in a Night-Gown.

Bas. What's the Meaning of all this Noise? A Man can't sleep for ye.

'Squi. Ah, my dear Friend, stand by me now. Who shou'd

The STAGE-COACH. 33

shou'd be here, but that damn'd Rogue of a Captain that we talk'd of, and has run away with my Mistress.

Baf. The Devil he did; and how will you use him when he's found.

'Squi. Use him! I'll pump him, I'll fouse him, flea him, carbonade him, and eat him alive.

Baf. But, hark ye, Sir, don't make such a Noise, you'll disturb my Wife.

'Squi. What, Sir, are you marry'd?

Baf. Marry'd and bedded since I saw you.

'Squi. To whom?

Enter Isabella, Landlord, Jolt, and Servants.

Baf. To this Lady, Sir.

'Squi. Uncle!

Mich. Nephew!

'Squi. Speak you, 'tis more your Business than mine.

Mich. Marry'd; it can't be: How cou'd you be marry'd so suddenly?

Baf. Very luckily, Sir; we intended to have it done more decently, but my Blockhead drop'd the Key, and being stop'd that Way, we saw a Light in the Minister's Chamber that travel'd with me; we went up, found him smoaking his Pipe, he first gave us his Blessing, then lent us his Bed.

'Squi. He was a very civil Gentleman.

Mich. Sir; this won't pass upon me, what Evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, he needs no Evidence, for I am one. I was call'd to be a Witness; his Man did waken me before I was asleep; and if you will believe nobody, you may go up, and ask the Minister.

Baf.

34 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Baf. And in Return, my dear Countryman, I'll take care to do you Service in relation to your pretended Merchant's Wife.

Mich. Then since it is so, much Good may't do you with your No-fortune, her Mother did not leave her a Groat.

'Squi. I am glad on't, with all my Heart.

Ifab. Sir, it will appear otherwise by my Writings.

Mich. Writings ; what Writings ? I've no Writings of yours.

Baf. No more you han't, Sir ; for here they are.

Mich. Confusion ! then I know what I've lost.

'Squi. And so do I too. I've lost my Labour, I've lost my Friend, I've lost my Nuncle, and I've lost my Wife.

*But since the Coach such Novelties has bred,
The 'Squire unmarry'd, and the Captain wed,
I'll be reveng'd, and goe——I'll go to bed.*

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[Ex. omnes.

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